

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

CONTENTS.

1. AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. *By the Editor.* 153
No. II. American Travel.
2. SECULAR EDUCATION IN FRANCE. *By the Rev. Frédéric Rouvier* 171
3. SHELLEY AND THE "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND." *By T. Slater* . 181
4. THE DUKE OF PERTH AND BOSSUET. *By the Rev. Joseph Stevenson* 194
5. THE RUIN'D SHRINE. *By Robert Steggall* 202
6. THE BEATIFIC VISION OF GOD. *By the Rev. William Humphrey* 207
7. CHALICES AND THEIR MATERIALS 217
8. AGRICULTURAL BELGIUM. *By Lieut.-Col. Raleigh Chichester* . 223
9. LORD LYTTON. 251
10. BREAKSPERE : A TALE. *By J. R. Morell* 261
Chapter II.—V.

REVIEWS 282

1. Life of St. Mildred. 2. Notes on the Caucasus. *By Wanderer.* 3. Západnoe Vliánie v Nóvõi Rousskõi Literatúre. *By Alexis Vesselovsky.* 4. Dramatic Sketches by Ouida. 5. True Men as we need them. *By Rev. B. O'Reilly.* 6. Grammar and Logic in the Nineteenth Century. *By J. W. F. Rogers.*

LITERARY RECORD 296

I.—Books and Pamphlets.

II.—Magazines.

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

AGENTS FOR AMERICA : MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY AND CO., BALTIMORE.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

DARLOW & CO'S

IMPROVED
PATENT

MAGNETINE

CURATIVE
APPLIANCES.

These Appliances are recommended and used by the Profession for the Cure of

Gout
Sciatica
Lumbago
Neuralgia

Asthma
Rheumatism
Rheumatic Gout
Lung Affections

Chest Weakness
Spinal Affections
Bronchitis
Winter Cough

Sore Throat
Heart Affections
Liver Complaint
General Debility

&c. &c.

PAMPHLETS POST FREE.

DARLOW & CO., 443, STRAND, LONDON.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS).

The best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the

HAIR, WHISKERS, OR MOUSTACHES,

And Preventing them Turning Grey.

PRICE 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. PER BOTTLE.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE,

22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

And all Chemists and Perfumers.

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.



THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

N.B.—Advice Gratis at 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

CURES ALL VARIETIES OF SKIN DISEASE

SAPO CARBONIS **TAR SOAP**

RECOMMENDED BY THE ENTIRE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

WRIGHT'S COAL **DETERGENS**

W. & A. WRIGHT & CO. SOUTHWARK LONDON.

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS, SMALL POX, AND SCARLATINA.

SOLD EVERYWHERE NONE GENUINE EXCEPT BRANDED

SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS

ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, OLD HALL GREEN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

PRESIDENT—THE VERY REV. P. FENTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The College is situated within thirty miles of London, on the main road to Cambridge. The nearest station is Standon (about a mile and a quarter distant) on the Great Eastern Railway.

The courses of studies are variously adapted for (1) candidates to the priesthood, (2) those who are destined for the learned profession or for careers involving competitive examinations, and (3) those who are intended for commercial life.

For the COMMERCIAL or MODERN division great stress will be laid on précis writing, short hand, mental arithmetic, and English composition.

For the CLASSICAL and SCIENTIFIC division the College is affiliated to the London University. In addition to the ordinary staff, the following distinguished men have kindly undertaken to deliver regular courses of Lectures in their respective subjects :—

Connection between Science and Religion—Rev. R. F. CLARKE, F.L.S.

Biology—Prof. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S.

Chemistry—Prof. F. S. BARRETT, M.A., Cantab.

Botany—J. BRITTEN, Esq., F.L.S., Editor of *Trymen's Journal of Botany*.

Zoology—JAMES E. HARTING, Esq., F.Z.S., F.L.S., Editor of *The Zoologist*.

Great attention will be paid to constant drilling, which will be under the supervision of a resident drilling-master.

Adjoining the College is *St. Hugh's Preparatory School for Boys of seven years and upwards*. An experienced matron superintends all that relates to the health and comfort of the children. The Vice-President of St. Hugh's, Rev. Fenwick Skrimshire, undertakes the discipline and religious education of the children.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE VERY REV. THE PRESIDENT.

FOR MILITARY EDUCATION CANDIDATES FOR SANDHURST, WOOLWICH,
AND COMMISSIONS THROUGH THE MILITIA.

BLENHEIM HOUSE, 9, LEYLAND ROAD, LEE, KENT, BLACKHEATH, S.E.

FOUR MINUTES' WALK FROM LEE STATION.

REV. E. VON ORSBACH, late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of Thurn and Taxis, assisted by a Staff of able and experienced Masters, prepares Gentlemen for Military Examinations.

Tutorial Staff :—

Principal	Rev. E. von Orsbach.
Preliminary Subjects	The Principal and L. Davies, Esq.
Higher Mathematics	G. Merrit Reeves, Esq., M.A. ; 13th Wrangler, 1873 ; late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Trigonometry, Algebra, Euclid .	J. A. Pease, Esq.
English Literature and History .	J. A. Prout, Esq., B.A. Oxon.
Latin and Greek	The Principal.
French Language	Mons. Victor Lemaire, M.A. Licencié- ès-Lettres, Paris.
German Language	The Principal.
Experimental Science, Geology, and Physical Geography	T. Morris, Esq.
Political Geography	The Principal.
Geometrical and Freehand Drawing	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Drill and Fencing	Sergeant H. Myre, R.A., Woolwich.

The pupils have the privilege of daily Mass in the house.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL.

A. M. D. C.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

This College provides a thoroughly sound classical and commercial education at a very moderate Pension. The course of studies is directed to Matriculation at the London University. The College is situated nine miles from Sheffield, seven miles from Chesterfield, and one mile from Eckington Station (N.M.R.).

For particulars apply to the Rector, Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield; Rev. PETER GALLWEY, III, Mount Street, London; Rev. JAMES CLARE, 8, Salisbury Street, Liverpool; Rev. W. LAWSON, Portsmouth Street, Manchester; Rev. THOMAS HILL, Trenchard Street, Bristol.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, ST. CHARLES' SQUARE, NOTTING HILL, W.

Founded by H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop, and conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles, assisted by competent Professors.

For particulars apply to the Rector, the Very Rev. R. Butler, D.D.; the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater; or the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, D.D., Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The Oblate Fathers take charge of the moral and intellectual training of the Day Scholars equally with that of the Resident Students.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT, ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE PROFESSIONS.

For Terms, &c., apply to the President, as above.

ACADEMY OF ST. PAULINUS, CATTERICK, YORKSHIRE.

Candidates prepared for the London Matriculation, Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham Locals, Medical and Legal Preliminaries, Civil Service, Government, Science and Art, and other Public Examinations.

A List of upwards of Three Hundred successful Pupils sent from this School to these Examinations may be had on application to the Principal, MR. SKELLON.

Charles Eason's

EDITIONS OF

CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

(Published under Episcopal approbation.)

The Garden of the Soul. A Manual of Spiritual Exercises and Instructions. Revised and improved. Containing all additional Devotions in general use. Five different editions, with and without Epistles and Gospels. From 6d. upwards.

The Key of Heaven. Or, a Manual of Prayer. By the late Rt. Rev. J. MURPHY, Catholic Bishop. Containing Indulged Prayers, Stations of the Cross, and other Devotions. With and without Epistles and Gospels. Six different editions. From 6d. upwards.

The Manual of Catholic Piety. By the late Rev. W. GAHAN, O.S.A. Revised and improved. Containing new Prayers and Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Hymns, &c. With and without Epistles and Gospels. Five different editions. From 6d. upwards.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart. A New Manual of Prayer. Containing new Litanies, Acts of Devotion, and Indulged Prayers in honour of the Sacred Heart. 18mo. 740 pages. From 2s. 6d. upwards.
The same, with Epistles and Gospels. Abridged. Royal 32mo. 1s. 6d. upwards.

The Manual of Catholic Devotion. For Private Use, and the Services of the Church. 48mo. With and without Epistles and Gospels. From 4d. upwards.

The Path to Paradise. New edition, revised and improved. With Illustrations of the Mass, Stations of the Cross, &c. Three different editions. From 2d., 4d., 6d.

Holy Childhood. A Book of Simple Prayers and Instructions for Little Children. Large type edition, with illustrations. Royal 32mo. From 1s.
The same. Demy 32mo. 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d.

De Segur's Works for Little Children.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. The Child Jesus. | 4. On Prayer. |
| 2. On Temptation and Sin. | 5. On Confession. |
| 3. On Holy Communion. | 6. On Piety. |

In paper covers, each 3d. Cloth, 6d. Complete in one volume, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Child's Book of the Passion. A Simple Explanation of the Passion of our Lord. Paper covers, 3d.; cloth, 6d.

Several of the above are to be had on common paper for cheap distribution.

Lists to be had on application.

DUBLIN: CHARLES EASON, 85, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY WILLIAMS AND BUTLAND, 13, DUKE STREET, WEST SMITHFIELD, LONDON; AND COCHRAN AND CO., 32, CABLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Burns & Oates' New List.

BOOKS FOR LENT.

Sermons for the Spring Quarter. By the late Very Rev. CHARLES MEYNELL, D.D. Edited by H. I. D. RYDER, of the Oratory. Cloth extra, bevelled boards, 6s.

Lent, Cookery for. 1s.

Lent and Passiontide, Devotions for. Wrapper, 3d.

Holy Week Book. New and complete edition, with the Psalms pointed for chanting. *The only edition requiring no turning back or reference.* Cloth, 1s.; roan, 1s. 6d.; roan gilt, 2s.; calf, 4s. 6d.; morocco, 5s.; morocco gilt, 6s.

Holy Week Book according to Dominican Rite. 1s. 6d.

Officium Hebdomadæ Sanctæ: Ratisbon 8vo. (8 inches by 5), 6s. 6d.; half calf, 11s.; calf, 15s. 6d.; morocco, 16s. 6d.; abridged edition, nett 1s. 6d.; half calf, 5s.; calf, 9s.; morocco, 10s.; Mechlin, 18mo, with music (6 inches by 4), 4s.; calf, 8s.; morocco, 9s.; 32mo (5 inches by 3), 2s. 6d.; cloth, 4s.; calf, 6s.; morocco, 7s.

Dolorous Passion (The), from the Meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Passion, History of the Sacred. By Father LUIS DE LA PALMA, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the Spanish. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. New edition. Price 7s. 6d.

Passion (The). Reflections by a Religious of the Loretto Convent, Navan. Price 3s. 6d.; Wrapper, 2s. 6d.

Passion and Death, Contemplations and Meditations on the, and on the Glorious Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the method of St. Ignatius, translated from the French by a Sister of Mercy. Revised by a Priest S.J. New edition. Cloth, 2s.

Passion (The) of Jesus and Woes of Mary (Oratory). Wrapper, 2d.

Passion, Treatises and Meditations on the. By ST. LIGUORI. Edited by the BISHOP of SOUTHWARK. Price 3s. Cheap edition, 2s.

Quarant'Ore. New Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament; containing Devotions for the Quarant'Ore and other occasions of Exposition and Benediction. Edited by his Eminence Cardinal WISEMAN. New edition, cloth extra, gilt lettering, red edges, 2s.

Love and Passion of Jesus Christ. By BISHOP VAUGHAN of Salford. Wrapper, 2d.

Reflections on the Stations of the Cross; or, The Love of Jesus in His Passion. With the Devotions of the "Via Crucis." By the Very Rev. CANON GILBERT, D.D., V.G. Fourth edition, enlarged. Price 1s. 6d.; calf, 4s.

Sanctification of Lent. By BISHOP VAUGHAN of Salford. 2d.

Via Crucis. By DR. PAGANI. 2d.

Way of the Cross. By Rev. Father RAWES, D.D. 6d.

Way of the Cross. By ST. ALPHONSO LIGUORI. 1d.

Way of the Cross (Oratory). 2d.

Way of the Cross. By the Rev. Father ANDERDON, S.J. 3d., 4d., and 6d.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.
AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

Burns & Oates

Have much pleasure in announcing that after March they will act as the sole London Representatives of

MESSRS. HARDMAN, POWELL, & Co.,
OF BIRMINGHAM,

and will then have a very extensive assortment of their Manufactures, including

Chalices —A solid silver cup and electro-plated foot, from	£6 10 0
„ In solid silver	„ 9 10 0
The above prices include a solid silver Paten.	
Ciboriae —A solid silver cup and lid, and electro-plated foot	„ 4 5 0
„ In solid silver	„ 7 10 0
Monstrances in electro-plate with solid silver-gilt Lunette	„ 6 10 0
„ „ and gilt, „ „ „	„ 8 10 0
„ solid silver	„ 25 0 0

Cruets, Pomas, Purificators, Pyxes, Holy Oil Stocks, Sick Cases, Candlesticks, Crucifixes, Benediction Branches and Coronæ, Vases, Torches, Thuribles, Incense Boats, Holy Water Vats, Asperges Brushes, Sanctus Bells, Gongs, Processional Crosses and Crucifixes, Lamps, &c. &c.

Candle, Gas, or Lamp Standards or Coronæ

IN IRON AND BRASS OR POLISHED BRASS.

AN ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FORWARDED POST FREE.

NOW READY.

THE

SIXPENNY MISSAL

FOR THE LAITY.

Containing the Masses of the Sundays and Festivals of the Year. Neatly bound in cloth, red edges, gilt lettering, 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d. and upwards.

IN THE PRESS.

STONYHURST ILLUSTRATED.

By ALFRED RIMMER,

Author of "Ancient English Streets and Homesteads," "Our Old Country Towns,"
"Pleasant Spots round Oxford," &c. &c.

Imperial Quarto. Embellished with about Forty Illustrations of the College, surrounding Country, Treasures, Relics, &c. Price £1 1s. per copy. An *Edition de Luxe* will be published, of 100 copies only, on extra paper, bound in morocco, and the illuminated letters will be coloured either by or under the superintendence of the author, in exact imitation of the original. These copies will be numbered and signed, price £3 3s. Orders now received.

Granville Mansions, 28, Orchard Street, London, W.

AND 63, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

Short Sermons for Low Masses. Comprising a complete, brief course of instruction on Christian Doctrine. By Rev. F. X. SCHOUPE, S.J. Translated by Rev. E. Th. MCGINLEY. 12mo, cloth, 10s.

It contains in a series of 226 Sermons complete but short Instructions on Christian Doctrine, expressly adapted for the Low Mass of every Sunday of the year, and so arranged as to cover a period of four years.

A New Book for Religious Communities.

The Book of the Professed. By the Author of "Golden Sands." Translated from the French by Miss ELLA McMAHON. With steel-plate Frontispiece. 18mo, cloth, 5s.

The Author aims in this volume, merely to treat of those practical questions which are necessary to show the grandeur and beauty of the religious state; in order that those who have embraced it may not only love and appreciate it more, but be incited to zealously fulfil the obligations which it imposes.

An Appeal and A Defiance. An Appeal to the Good Faith of a Protestant by Birth. A Defiance to the Reason of a Rationalist by Profession. By His Eminence CARDINAL DESCHAMPS, Archbishop of Malines. Translated from the French by a Redemptorist Father. 18mo, cloth, 2s.

Short Stories on Christian Doctrine: A Collection of Examples, Illustrating the Catechism. Translated from the French by Miss MARY McMAHON. 12mo, cloth. With six full-page Illustrations, 5s.

The Christian Father. Fifth Edition. Paper, 1s. 6d., Maroquett, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 3s.; French morocco, 6s.

The Christian Mother. Tenth Edition. Paper, 1s. 6d., Maroquett, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 3s.; French morocco, 6s.

A Sure Way to a Happy Marriage. Paper, 1s. 6d., Maroquett, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.

Zeal in the Work of the Ministry. By L'Abbé DUBOIS. From the fifth French Edition, 10s.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

Portobello Road, Bayswater, W.

Under the special patronage of the Cardinal
Archbishop of Westminster.

The Religious of this Community receive a limited number of young ladies for education. The terms for the course are £50 per annum, which comprises all the usual branches of a sound English education, in which Latin, French, German, and every kind of needlework, are included. Music, drawing, and dancing are extras. The recreation grounds are spacious, and the locality a most healthy one. Children remaining at School for the Summer Vacation are taken to the sea-side.

For further particulars apply to the Mother
Abbess.

CONVENT OF NOTRE DAME, CLAPHAM COMMON, NEAR LONDON.

The Course of Studies comprises all branches
of a Higher Education.

Young Ladies whose parents desire it are
prepared for the University and Preceptors'
Local Examinations.

The pupils who have attended these Exami-
nations in 1880-81-82-83, have been most
successful.

CONVENT SCHOOL, MARK CROSS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Child
Jesus, from St. Leonard's-on-Sea. The pension
is £18 per annum. Inclusive terms. Music,
15s. per quarter. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.

THOMAS BAKER,
ENGLISH AND FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL BOOKSELLER,
20, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1849.

Commentaries on the Bible; Works of the Fathers, Schoolmen, and Church Historians;
Reformation Literature; Devotional, Liturgical, and Controversial Works; and Books for the
Clergy and Theological Students generally.

Catalogues of Selections published periodically, and sent post-free on application.

Special attention given to American, Colonial, and Foreign Orders.

MR. BARRAUD,
263, Oxford Street, London, W. (Regent Circus).
PHOTOGRAPHY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ENLARGEMENTS, MINIATURES, &c.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MR. RUSKIN, the greatest Art Critic of the age, writing of Mr. Barraud's Portraits, says :—
"They are extremely and singularly beautiful, and as pure Photography go as far as the art can at
the present day, and I do not see that it can ever go much further."

GROUPS AND CHILDREN TAKEN INSTANTANEOUSLY.

The Studio is approached by a Patent Lift, and is the most perfect ever erected in this country.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.
VIENNA, 1873.

BOOKBINDING,
In the Monastic, Grolier, Maioli, and Illuminated Styles,
In the most superior manner, by English and Foreign Workmen.

JOSEPH ZAEHNSDORF,
36, CATHERINE STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

WILLIAM LEWIS AND SON,
Architects, Surveyors, Measurers and Valuers,
and Land Agents,
46½, STONEGATE, YORK.

Marriage Law Defence Union.

Patrons : { THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

Vice-Presidents : { THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.
THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
THE LORD COLERIDGE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

Chairman of Committees : THE RIGHT HON. A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.P.

The following are Members of Committees :

H. BELLINGHAM, Esq., M.P.
THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF EMMAUS.
THE HON. KENNETH HOWARD.
THE VERY REV. CANON McMULLEN.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M.
THE REV. H. N. OXENHAM.
LIEUT.-GENERAL PATTERSON.
F. K. WEGG-PROSSER, Esq.

Treasurers : { SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, BART., 18, King Street, St. James's, S.W.
SIR CHARLES MILLS, BART., M.P., Camelford House, Oxford Street, W.

Bankers : { MESSRS. HERRIES, FARQUHAR, & CO., 16, St. James's Street, S.W.
MESSRS. GLYN, MILLS, & CO., Lombard Street, E.C.

Secretary : G. J. MURRAY, Esq., 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

THIS Union is formed to maintain the ancient marriage law of the land, and in particular to resist the legalization of marriage with a wife's sister.

Its efforts are directed to organizing Committees throughout the United Kingdom, to diffusing information by lectures, publications, and otherwise, on a subject on which public opinion has been much misled, to encouraging petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and to directing the attention of the Legislature to the true bearings of the question. A Ladies' Committee has been formed to assist the Union.

The whole principle on which the Marriage Law of this land is based is involved in the acceptance or rejection of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In all countries where the Marriage Law has been relaxed in this one particular, other relaxations have, after some lapse of time, been adopted ; in some countries not only may a woman marry her sister's husband, and a man marry his brother's wife, and his wife's niece, or, as in the State of New York, his wife's daughter, but in others a man is freely permitted to marry his niece by blood.

As the operations of the Union are very extensive, Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly requested.

It will be obvious that the publications circulated by this Union, although the arguments and considerations contained in them point to the same conclusion, represent in particulars only the mind of their respective authors.

N.B.—A List of the Publications of the M.L.D.U., and other information, may be obtained gratuitously on application.

Works by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge.

THE LIFE OF OUR LIFE.

Two Vols. 15s.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.

PART I.

- Vol. 1. THE MINISTRY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.
- Vol. 2. THE PREACHING OF THE BEATITUDES.
- Vol. 3. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*to the end of the Lord's Prayer*).
- Vol. 4. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT (*concluded*).
- Vol. 5. THE TRAINING OF THE APOSTLES (Part I).
- Vol. 6. THE TRAINING OF THE APOSTLES (Part II.).
- Vol. 7. In the Press.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Two Vols. New Edition. 15s.

Also in One Volume, 9s.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES.

An Englishman's Impressions of America.

NO. II.—AMERICAN TRAVEL.

I SUPPOSE the ideal of travelling would be the reproduction on a journey of all the comforts of home life united to the advantages of scenery, climate, &c., belonging to the various places visited by the traveller. Every traveller, of whatever nation, clings somewhat tenaciously to whatever he is accustomed to at home, and yet expects all the benefits of the change to other scenes and other climes. But every sensible traveller knows that it is impossible for one who is *in via* to avoid the forfeiture of at least some of the conveniences of home. The discomforts of travel are proverbial, and all that we can hope for is to reduce them to a minimum.

I do not believe there is any country in the world which has been so successful in reducing them to a minimum as America. The science of comfortable travel is one in which Americans are, above all, proficient. Prejudiced indeed the European must be who prefers European to American arrangements on railroads and steamboats. The best proof of the superiority of the States in this respect is that England, spite of English insularity, has copied in some important respects the travelling arrangements of the States, and runs the drawing-room car even over so short a distance as from London to Brighton, while the "sleeper," or sleeping car, is to be found on almost every night express in England and on the Continent. The name of Mr. Pullman is familiar all over Europe in connection with the Pullman cars, the construction of which is the main industry of the flourishing little town which has borrowed its name from the founder of its main industry.

In speaking of American travel I can only bear witness so far as my own personal experience extends. I have not made the journey over the Rockies, or the voyage along the coast to Galveston or New Orleans. But, at least, I have seen enough to testify to the main features which distinguish the American

from the English system, and though they are familiar in practice to many of my readers, yet perhaps a comparison between them may not be uninteresting even to those who are conversant with their respective merits.

I am starting from an American railway depot. Five minutes before the departure of the train I have handed in my trunk to the baggage-room, I have shown my ticket to the baggage clerk, and received a check bearing the name of the station whither I am bound. A similar check is attached to my trunk, and henceforward I need be in no further anxiety respecting it. I am going, for instance, from New York or Boston to Chicago, *via* Albany, Rochester, Niagara, and Detroit. I have a through ticket "unlimited." I might have saved a dollar or so by taking a "limited" ticket, but in that case I must have gone straight through, and should not have been free to break my journey or "stop over" at any intermediate station. But with my unlimited ticket I can "stop over" wherever I please, remain as long as I please, and go on when I please. My trunk meanwhile will go straight through to Chicago, and there await me. The small valise, or travelling bag, which I carry in my hand will serve me well enough at any places where I may spend the night. The train consists of four long carriages. One of them is marked, "Drawing-room car;" the rest are ordinary cars. One of them is a smoking car; in the others smoking is strictly forbidden. I step on to a little platform at the rear of one of the carriages and open the door, which is behind the car, not at the side as in England. The official conductor of the drawing-room car invites me for the sum of five dollars to travel in the luxurious apartment consigned to his care. But I decline, finding the ordinary car quite good enough, and desiring to see what I can of American life and of the manners and customs of ordinary every-day passengers. When night arrives I can always get a "sleeper" for one and a half or two dollars, but in the daytime I prefer to take my chance in the crowd.

This system of drawing-room cars is becoming almost universal in America. Those who are travelling a long distance, and whose journey occupies several continuous days and nights, generally take a through Pullman or drawing-room ticket, which entitles them to a sofa or arm-chair by day and a comfortable bed at night. Those who are travelling only short distances rarely indulge in the useless luxury of a better class of

car, unless ill-health compel it, or a family party wish to keep together, or some special discomfort in the ordinary cars makes the weary voyager desiderate repose on softer cushions. There is in America little of that foolish exclusiveness which engenders a desire to be separated from the common herd. As far as my limited experience goes, the nicest people I have met have been inmates of the ordinary car. It seems strange to the Englishman that poor and rich should be satisfied thus to share alike in one class of cars common to all, but it is a part of that honest, unaffected spirit of equality which I have learned heartily to admire during my travel through the States. I have been told by Americans that these parlour cars are the mark of an incipient transition to class distinctions hitherto unknown. Perhaps after a time, as wealth accumulates and men decay, the natural tendency of human nature may prove too much even for the influences of long-established tradition and of a democratic government, but I fancy many long years will pass before the deep-rooted spirit of self-respect and mutual respect underlying the American character gives way to that subserviency to the "upper classes" which in America must necessarily be based for some time to come on the mere vulgar superiority of superior wealth. But to return to my journey.

The carriage is a long one, with a passage down the middle, and on either side some twenty seats, each holding two persons. The seats are covered with red velvet, and are exceedingly comfortable. It is winter, and coming in as I do from the wintry air, the warmth of the car is delightful. A large stove is placed at one end, in the corner, and hot pipes filled with hot air run round the car. I sit down, place my English rug beside me on the seat, and wait for the train to start.

Meanwhile I begin to reckon up the respective advantages of English and American travel, and to consider what may be said in favour of the customs observed in Europe. First, I repudiate with some indignation the notion almost universally prevalent in America, that the passengers in Europe are always locked in the cars. Again and again I have been politely reminded of this imaginary drawback to the English railway, and have been astonished to find how Americans take it for granted as an undoubted fact. There is, of course, just a shadow of ground for the charge in the ill-advised practices of some companies in time past, as well as in the fact of the outside doors away from the platforms of the stations where the train stops

being generally fastened as a precaution against accidents, and to prevent the traveller from alighting on the wrong side. But to suppose that the grumbling, liberty-loving, independent Britisher would submit to a gratuitous imprisonment on the part of the company he is honouring with his patronage, Bah! The notion is too ridiculous to be entertained, and its prevalence astonishes me when I remember how many Americans spend a portion of every year in England. But passing this by, I come to the real points of distinction and points of vantage on either side.

The system of long cars with a passage down the middle is certainly more convenient than the European system. You can change your seat when you please, or pass from car to car, from smoking to non-smoking, or *vice versa*, at your convenience. You are not liable to ride with your back to the engine, to which some delicate or fastidious persons have so great an abhorrence. You do not have a fellow-passenger staring you in the face and watching your every movement. Above all, there is no danger of robbery and outrage in a car which contains from sixty to one hundred passengers, and where the conductor's watchful eye scans from time to time their entire length. If you desire information as to your route or destination, there is every opportunity of obtaining it from the friendly official. At the various stations there is no need of railway porters to shout out the name to the passengers, since it is the business of the conductor, or some subordinate official, to announce the next place of stoppage some little time before the station is arrived at, so that those desiring to alight there can be ready to do so without further waste of time. Last of all, but not least of all, there is in winter time none of the shivering with inevitable chilliness that is the misery of the winter traveller in England. No footwarmers, soon dying away into icy coldness, or at least affording but a feeble and unhealthy warmth, are needed where the whole atmosphere of the car is about 60° or 65°, and where beneath your feet you have a pipe of heated air continually fed by the glowing stove.

Yet there are certainly some countervailing advantages in the English system. In an English carriage there is more room for the individual passenger, and better opportunities of stowing away small articles of baggage. The English carriages are more sociable than the ordinary cars in the States. A party of friends or a family travelling in England can generally

secure a carriage to themselves, and make themselves quite at home, while in America they are parcelled off two and two in ordinary carriages like the animals in the Ark. Even two friends, a brother and sister, husband and wife, are liable to be separated, as each of the double seats is sure to have one occupant ere the train starts if it is all full. For the object of every passenger travelling alone is to secure for himself the double seat for self and baggage, so that after-comers have to provide for themselves by taking their place by the side of the already ensconced occupier, compelling the removal of his baggage and a necessary discomfort and dissatisfaction to himself. It is true that all these disadvantages can be obviated in America by the use of drawing-room cars, but I am speaking in behalf of an ordinary traveller like myself who uses the ordinary cars. In them I do not think that in summer time there is very much to choose between the two systems, though on the whole the preference must be given to the American, as safer and more economical of time, and better provided with ordinary conveniences. In winter there is no sort of comparison between them, and the poor shivering American in Europe may well lament his comfortably-warmed cars at home.

As regards expense, the ordinary fares are about midway between second and third-class fares in England. For a journey of two hundred miles the fare is about five or six dollars. For the drawing-room cars there is an additional charge of about half a cent. (a farthing) a mile, on two hundred miles it would be about a dollar and quarter, though there is no fixed rule, and on different lines the charges vary considerably.

But while I am mentally discussing these problems I hear the familiar cry, "All aboard!" a bell rings on the engine, and off we start. The bell continues to ring vigorously as long as we are in the neighbourhood of the city. The bell takes the place of a whistle, and every time the train starts it rings afresh. At present, as we steam slowly along, it is ringing to warn foot-passengers or carriages at the railroad crossing. For in America, instead of building bridges over the line, as is the English custom, roads and streets simply cross the line. It is a dangerous, reckless system, and one hears continually of fatal accidents. While I was in Philadelphia two old women were knocked down and killed by a passing train, and soon after another train ran into a street car, smashing the car and injuring many of the inmates. When I asked why the railroad companies are not

compelled to build bridges over the track and so avoid the danger, I was told that they are strong enough to defeat any legislation on the subject. It is much cheaper for them to pay occasional compensation to those who are injured or to the survivors of the killed. If a Bill were introduced into the State Legislature or Congress, prohibiting these comparatively unprotected crossings, somehow or other the railroad interest would be sure to defeat it. The magic influence of railroad wealth would be brought to bear directly or indirectly on the legislators. There are, of course, some sort of precautions taken against accidents. Generally an old man waves a red danger-flag or lets down a bar, which keeps back those who attempt to cross the track when a train is approaching. But these precautions are not sufficient to prevent very frequent accidents.

The bell goes on ringing until we are clear of the city, and then we increase our speed to a fair ordinary pace. On the average, American railroad cars do not travel so fast as English. Thirty miles an hour is about the speed of an express train; perhaps thirty-three or four if it is a *fast* express. There is one train, running from New York to Washington, which attains an average of forty-five miles an hour over part of its journey, accomplishing the ninety miles from New York to Philadelphia in two hours. Over some portions of the distance, where the track is very clear, it even runs at the rate of seventy miles in the hour, but this is quite exceptional, and over the whole line, which extends nine hundred and ten miles, the fastest train accomplishes thirty-five and a half miles an hour. What checks the average speed, over and above stoppages, is the frequent "crossings" in the neighbourhood of towns and cities. The railroad track will cross half-a-dozen frequented thoroughfares on its way to the depot. Sometimes it will run along the business street of a city for some distance, as if it were a tram-car. This renders it indispensable to the safety of passers by that over such portions of the road the pace should not be more than twelve or fifteen mile an hour, and this soon lessens the average. But "express" does not mean exactly the same as in England. It means rather a train which is more expressly for passengers and not for luggage. Sometimes an express train will stop at all or nearly all the stations. But when such stations are many and at no great distance, such a stopping train is called an "accommodation" train. On

the principal lines, however, and between the great centres in Eastern America, express has more of the English meaning than is the case farther west, where sometimes twenty-four or twenty-five miles an hour or even less will be "express" pace. When we pass a station without stopping we do not hear the shrill sharp whistle we are accustomed to in England, but a dull hoarse sound, like the fog signal of a steamer. As we approach the big stations the bell invariably rings, and the ringing of the bell is also the signal for starting.

As we proceed the car gradually fills. At last I have to remove my rug and valise from my side to make room for a companion on the seat. I have long ago thrown off my great coat, and I now hang it on the seat behind me and thrust rug and valise under the seat. My companion is a pleasant, talkative person, and after a few minutes' conversation asks me some question about England which shows that he has detected my nationality. I ask him how he found out that I was an Englishman. "I could have guessed it from your face," was the answer, "but your English accent made it a certainty. Apart from this, the fact of your travelling with a 'shawl' is a certain indication that you hail from the other side of the water. Europeans with their unwarmed cars find wraps of all kinds indispensable, and carry their home habits with them; but in an American car they are as superfluous as by your study fire. They may be very useful on an ocean steamer, but for any use they will be to you on your journey, you might as well have left them at New York." I had already begun to realize the truth of his words, and experience confirmed it. On the coldest days, when the thermometer marked many degrees below zero, any sort of defence against the cold is simply an useless burden to the traveller in the railway car. As a rule they are over-warmed, and sometimes become quite oppressively hot. Meanwhile the conductor passing through the car examines my ticket, snips on a sort of little calendar printed around it the date on which I am using it, and then tears off one of the coupons, giving me in its place a long piece of card on which is engraved for my convenience the name and distance of every station so far as the coupon torn off extends. Of his own accord he sticks my new ticket in my hat. Each time that he passes up and down the train he glances at my hat-adorning coupon, which reminds him of my destination. The conductor treats the passengers very differently from the English guard—he is a person of far

greater importance and position, and has to a certain extent the control of the train and passengers. If I want to "stop over" at a station when my ticket is a limited one, it is to him I must appeal for the indulgence. If I want one of the ventilators opened, I must ask his permission, and he condescendingly promises to send a subordinate to fulfil my request. When he is not busy, he sits down in the train and chats with the passengers in friendly fashion. When we approach a station it is not the conductor who calls out the name of the station and warns the passengers who are going to alight there that they are approaching their destination, but his subordinate, the brakesman, whose business it moreover is to look to the fire in the various stoves. When I enter the dining car at a later period, there is the conductor taking his dinner like any other gentleman.

Besides the conductor, other officials and quasi-officials have been passing up and down the cars. First, there has been the newsboy with the daily papers of the city from which we started, or of those which we pass on our route. Presently the same boy returns with an armful of magazines, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century*, &c., which he distributes cunningly, laying down by the side of various passengers whatever magazines he thinks most likely to prove attractive to each. For me *The Century* is generally selected as most appropriate to my intellectual calibre. He leaves these magazines for about five minutes, and on his return journey collects those which the passengers do not care to purchase, and receives the money for those he succeeds in selling. Again a pause, and our friend returns with a new armful. This time he brings books, popular novels, *Lovell's Family Library*, *The Seaside Library*, other books, comic or serious, *How to Succeed in Life*, *The Innocents Abroad*. Once more he leaves them for inspection for some five or ten minutes, and then returns to gather them up if unpurchased. A fourth time, either the same or some other official passes up and down the car. This time he has a different merchandize, "Apples! Oranges! Figs!" with that stress on the first syllable of the polysyllable words peculiar to American diction, and causing the last syllables to be almost inaudible. Apples are the favourites with the passengers, and as he sells them at the rate of three for ten cents he must make a very fair profit.

All this makes the time pass pleasantly enough until the

dinner hour approaches. With the dinner hour an important question presents itself to the mind of the now hungry traveller. Is there a dining car attached to the train? On the answer to this question a great deal of the comfort of the journey depends. For even in this land of happy travel, it is unhappily not every train to which is appended this most important factor in the list of a traveller's conveniences. If not, a hurried twenty minutes at the dining station is all the time allowed for thrusting down a hasty dinner, and faultless though the dinner may be, yet there is no ordinary man who can make a satisfactory dinner in a quarter of an hour. Either he has to bolt his food with a velocity ruinous to digestion, or else he does not get enough to eat. Add to this that the time of the meal is dependent on the punctuality of the train. If the train is three hours late, dinner must be postponed for three long hours. I myself have had to wait for my breakfast till eleven, by reason of a cruel frost which during the night had turned the water in the engine tank into a solid lump of ice, and thus delayed the train until the lump was thawed. Even when the train is punctual, and time enough is allowed, it is almost impossible to dine with comfort while there hangs around the diner a nervous fear lest he should be taken unawares and left behind by the departing train to indulge in vain regrets that he had not hurried away from his half-finished meal. Every sound of bell or whistle makes him tremble, every movement of the waiting cars makes him look round anxiously or leap up from his seat in terror lest he be too late.

But in the luxurious dining car, how different! There the traveller can choose his own time for his dinner, and can linger over his viands at pleasure. No cruel necessity of silent gorging, but cheerful talk with a friendly *vis-à-vis*, to help digestion and make the dinner-time pass more pleasantly. There, too, a wide choice of varied viands, and a bill of fare to satisfy the most delicate or rapacious appetite. But unfortunately dining-cars are not attached to every train. A dining-car involves considerable expense to the company. A steward has to superintend it; several waiters are needed to attend on the diners, not to mention cook and scullion in the kitchen. Hence it is only where the average of diners is fairly large that a dining car is a possible luxury. Elsewhere we must make the most of the dinner in the roadside station.

If our dinner is a hurried one, yet there is no fault to be

found with the dining arrangements at Lima or Plattsburg. As you enter the room, your hat and coat are at once received by an attendant waiter, and a lavatory hard by gives every opportunity for a convenient cleansing of the dust and dirt inseparable from a railroad journey. You take your seat at the dining-table, and attendant handmaidens minister with friendly watchfulness. First soup, of course, and when the soup is done, the diner's plate is suddenly surrounded by a bewildering crowd of varied portions of flesh, fish, and fowl, vegetables and fruit, pastry and preserve. I make a wild plunge and pick out some turkey and preserved cranberries (in America the invariable accompaniment of turkey) and potatoes. Other dishes of vegetables to the number of six or seven, of the nature of which I am in almost entire innocence, are grouped around, and I choose out two, which prove to be baked apples and "squash."¹ A third dish, which I had taken for some unknown vegetable, turns out to be stewed oysters curiously disguised. By way of accompanying drink I am offered the alternative of tea and coffee (with iced water as a matter of course). Wine and beer there is none, though in some parts of America very good sweet cider is served at these railroad dining-rooms. The attendance is good, and the viands excellent and excellently served. When I am "through," one of the handmaidens whips up the various dishes around me, and offers apples and sweet cakes to finish my repast. But the conductor, who has finished his dinner some time since, pops his head into the room, and calls out in friendly warning, "All aboard!" and by the time that I have paid the very moderate sum of seventy-five cents (three shillings), and hurried on my coat, I find that the train is waiting for me, and as I put my foot on the step leading to the platform of my carriage, the bell rings and we are off.

After all, there is no reason to be dissatisfied, though if I can dine on board my lot is certainly a more fortunate one. I can choose my own time for dinner, and there is none of that discomforting haste about my meal. At my convenience I enter the dining car, which generally runs in the rear of the ordinary cars. Its neatly-spread tables on either side are covered with snow-white cloths, and adorned with graceful dishes of mingled grapes and oranges and bananas and apples. At the entrance to the dining-room is a comfortable little lavatory, provided with

¹ Squash is a sort of pumpkin. Some kinds of it are sweet, others are more like the ordinary pumpkins common in Europe.

hot and cold water and all that is necessary for a traveller's toilet. When my toilet is "fixed," I sit down at one of the dining-tables, and a coloured gentleman at once places himself at my disposal. Almost everywhere in America the waiters at table are "coloured gentlemen." They seem born for such service. There is about them a genial good-nature and willingness to oblige which makes them excellent servants. There is about them a sort of sympathetic jocularity, a mixture of humour and a serious desire to please which is not often found in the more serious, sedate-minded white. The friendly negro offers me the *carte*. The reader can judge for himself of its sufficiency,² and it is enough to say that both in matter and form it was as satisfactory as in variety of choice. My meal, in fact, differs nothing from a good meal at a good hotel, except that I enjoy the benefit of a continually changing landscape by way of a pleasant accompaniment of my dinner. Here, too, the same charge of seventy-five cents—a charge astonishingly moderate, considering the excellence of the dinner and the heavy expenses necessarily attending its service.

Dinner over I return to my seat in the ordinary car and amuse myself with my books. The itinerant bookseller again comes round, and on this occasion he tempts me with Antony Trollope's Autobiography. It was published only a few days previously in England for a guinea, and enterprising America sows it broadcast for twenty cents (tenpence). It is printed in bold legible type, and has an excellent likeness of the author on the cover. I have my choice between this edition and another, bound in cloth and excellently got up, for one dollar twenty-five cents (five shillings). I am not surprised at the complaint made by Americans of the high price of English books, with this example before me. I go on reading and dozing till supper-time, when I find that a brisk competition between dining car and

² For the benefit of my English readers, I print *verbatim* the bill of fare on the Michigan Central Railroad: "'As you Journey through life live by the Way.' Dinner is now ready. Price 75 cents. A Dining Car is attached to this Train. 'Eat and be satisfied.' Passengers will appreciate this feature of 'Life on the Road.'

"DINNER BILL OF FARE.—SOUP: Ox-tail. FISH: Baked Trout. ROAST: Sirloin Beef, Saddle South Down Mutton, Turkey and Cranberry Sauce, Chicken and Brown Sauce, Ribs Beef. COLD DISHES: Tongue, Turkey, Ham, Chicken, Pressed Corn Beef. GAME IN SEASON. RELISHES: Chow Chow, Horse Radish, French Mustard, Cranberry Sauce, Currant Jelly, Mixed Pickles. VEGETABLES: Boiled Potatoes, Mashed Potatoes, Onions, Stewed Tomatoes, Lima Beans, Green Corn, Green Peas. PASTRY: Apple Pie, Peach Tarts, Lady Pudding. DESSERT: Raisins, Assorted Cake, Tea, French Coffee, Fruit in Season, New York Ice Cream.

dining room gives me the alternative of a sumptuous tea on board for seventy-five cents (with a bill of fare corresponding to the *menu* of dinner, except that English tea and French coffee take the place of soup), and a less elaborate supper at one of the stations (similar to the wayside dinner above mentioned) for fifty cents. I have dined but an hour or two since, so I neglect the attractions of both the fascinating *cartes*, and satisfy myself with a cup of tea and some crackers, and the invariable apple or cranberry pie, in the lunch room of the station.

But night is approaching, and as I have only an ordinary ticket, I must pay my two dollars for a "sleeper" if I desire a quiet night's repose. Accordingly I purchase at the station where we have stopped for supper a double lower berth, and I enter the sleeping car. The berths are not "fixed" at present, so I sit down on the comfortable compartment which is presently to be transformed into a bed, and watch the magic operation which is going on in the berth opposite mine. Suddenly what was a compartment suited for four persons becomes first of all a continuous sofa, then a down-covered, blanket-covered, sheet-covered, quilt-covered, pillowed, well-appointed bed. Curtains are produced from Heaven knows where, and in a few minutes all is complete. The same process goes on all around, and in less than an hour our sofa-car is transmogrified into a series of little private bedrooms, with a passage down the middle just wide enough to pass along, and that is all. Poor Mr. Pickwick would, I fear, have been shocked at the presence of several ladies, one or two apparently travelling by themselves; but in America it is evidently quite *en règle*, and they retire to rest in a matter-of-fact fashion under the shelter of their curtains, just as if there were none of the ruder sex snoring around. But is it possible to sleep in the rocking car with the grating sound of wheels beneath and the jar of brake at every stoppage? At first perhaps it is a little difficult, but soon the traveller in the "sleeper" finds himself as sound a sleeper as in his bed at home, and rises as fresh for his day's work as if he were a hundred miles away from the noisy din of railroad travel. Not that the comfort is on all lines alike. My own experience gives the palm to the cars built for their own use by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, whose easy springs afford a more quiet season of repose than either Pullman or Wagner sleeping car. There is less quivering and jarring, and despite the many curves and twists for which the Baltimore and

Ohio is proverbial, the motion is smoother and easier than elsewhere. I wake in the morning thoroughly refreshed, and drawing up the blind of my railroad bedroom, I look out on the fiery foreglow of a frosty dawn. I rise and hasten to my ablutions before there is a rush for basin and toilet-glass. At the end of the car there is a neat little room, furnished with hot and cold water, brush and comb, and towels *ad libitum*, and all that is necessary for our toilet. At the other end of the car a similar room is provided for the lady passengers. My ablutions ended, I return to my sleeping berth, and find that the watchful coloured gentleman who acts as attendant has already completed its re-transformation, and I sit down contemplative on my sofa, while one by one the sleepy passengers rise and dress and wash, and then lounge about until we either reach our destination or arrive at the happy hour when breakfast is to prepare us for the travel of the coming day. Breakfast on board or at the breakfast station is an almost exact counterpart of the meals of the previous day—the same elaborate programme in the breakfast car (if we are so lucky as to have one)—the same multitudinous and perplexing dishes in the breakfast room—the same good-natured coloured gentleman in the one, the same thoughtful handmaidens in the other. Then a morning visit from the travelling newsvendor with the morning papers of any city through which we pass. Then once more apples and oranges. Then books as before, with occasional visits from conductor or brakeman on their respective duties of inspecting tickets, making up the fires, and shouting out the names of the stations as we draw near them.

Before I leave the car I must not forget the services of the coloured porter. If he has blacked my boots and brushed clothes he will expect ten cents, not as a fee, but as a just and proper remuneration for what he has done for me. If I have not had my boots blacked and my clothes brushed I give him nothing, and he expects nothing.

And here I must turn aside for a moment to admire the American system, which limits the payment given to waiters, messengers, porters, &c., to the sum due for special services rendered and recognized by their employers as outside of the ordinary duties for which they are paid. The European system of feeing or "tipping" is utterly unknown in the States. American travellers in Europe are loud in their denunciations of it. It is in their eyes what the Egyptian system of universal "bakshish"

is in the eyes of an Englishman. Round the door of the American hotel there is no crowd of petty harpies waiting for the servile "tip." The railway porter at the depot, so far from expecting a dime because he has carried your valise a few yards, would be indignant and disgusted if you offered it him. After a long carriage drive in Chicago, for which a friend had generously paid, I said to the man, "Well I suppose you would like something for yourself?" "No, sir, I don't want anything for myself," was the answer I received in rather a cool and half-offended tone, as he quickly drove away. In the same spirit a car driver whom you have hired will not thank you if you pay him more than the fare agreed on. He will ask beforehand a goodly sum, but whatever is the figure at which he is hired, he will expect no more, and will not thank you at all gratefully if you offer him more. I arrive at Boston station, and have to drive to a house whither I know the legal fare is only twenty-five cents, though I believe it is customary to give thirty-five cents. On emerging from the station I ask the first driver for how much he will take me to the house in question. He detects a stranger, and fifty cents is the instant reply. I shake my head and pass on to the next herdic³ driver. The same question elicits from him a demand of thirty-five cents. "No, twenty-five is the fare." "Yes, sir, I'll take you for twenty-five." On the road I am inclined to repent of my hard bargain, and on my arrival offer thirty-five cents. "No, sir," answers the self-respecting driver, "I undertook to take you for twenty-five, and I don't want any more." It is a part of American equality not to stoop to these petty gifts. In a railroad carriage I make friends with two boys, aged about twelve or thirteen, and offer each of them an orange. "No, thank you, sir, we have only just finished our lunch!" It was their natural instinct to refuse the gift. Strolling about the country near New York with a party of boys, I asked for leave to pick some apples from the little orchard attached to a poor woman's cottage; but I could prevail on her to take nothing by way of payment, and with difficulty persuaded her little girl of eight or ten years old to accept a trifling present. The child put her little hands behind her in true American independence. All this makes travelling far more pleasant. What you have you pay for. It is understood that whatever you pay for bed-room includes the services of the

³ A herdic is a small closed carriage, opening from behind by a pair of folding doors and containing two persons, who sit sideways facing one another.

chamber-maid. Whatever you pay for your dinner includes the services of the waiters. If you offer anything further, chamber-maid and waiters will regard you as a fool and feel rather insulted by your ill-timed generosity. You might as well offer the clerk in a store a present for his trouble in serving you, as offer an American help or porter or waiter any extra fee for service for which he is already paid by his employer.

At length we approach the city which is our destination. The baggage man presents himself as we draw near, and if we desire to be rid of the trouble of looking after our baggage, we give him the address whither it is to be sent. At private house, hotel, or depot, it will be delivered within an hour or two. We are able to make our way thither *expediti*, and very soon after our arrival we find our baggage following on our heels. Or if we prefer to carry our baggage with us, we can purchase an omnibus ticket and find an omnibus awaiting us which will convey us straight to any part of the city for fifty cents. A carriage, too, we can have, if we choose to indulge in what is in most cities a somewhat expensive luxury. If we carry nothing but a little hand valise we are sure within one or two blocks to find street cars which will take us whither we are going for the moderate sum of five cents. But here we are at the depot. The cars are passing across the dangerous streets, our bell ringing all the way. At last we stop, and the conductor shouts "Chicago depot!" or whatever it may be. When we alight, it is not on a platform, but on the bare ground. In American depots the passengers have often to find their way about amid a maze of rails, and the space where they embark and disembark is only distinguished from the spaces between the tracks by its being wider than that which separates the rails. A sharp outlook must be kept. There is no bridge or tunnel for crossing from one side of the station to another. Officials and passengers alike walk across the rails, trusting to the warning of the engine bell for the avoidance of danger. But in the station where we are alighting there is no danger, we simply follow the stream of passengers, and soon find ourselves in the streets of the city.

But if America is eminently successful in studying the comfort of her railroad passengers, much more does her steamboat system approach to a sort of ideal perfection. I had occasion to go from New York to Boston, and my love of the sea and the interests of my pocket alike prompt a voyage by

water rather than by land. I had heard of the magnificent steamships which sail through the Sound to Providence and Fall River, and was anxious to test them by my personal experience. I inquire the time when they leave New York, and find that they do not set out in the early morn and arrive at night, as is the case with most of our English steamboats. The economical American cannot afford to waste a day upon the journey. He starts accordingly, not at break of day, but at or about nightfall. The steamer leaves the dock at 5 or 6 p.m., and arrives at its destination early the next morning. It is a magnificent vessel, larger than an Atlantic steamer, its tiers of cabins rising like a floating house from the water's edge. It does not suggest any great strength to resist a heavy sea, but along the Sound a heavy sea is rarely encountered, and a regular storm never. Very delicious was the sail through the Sound to Providence on the "Massachusetts" on a warm, soft day about the middle of September. During the first three or four hours I sat out on the forepart of the ship, where chairs and stools are provided for those who desire to enjoy the balmy evening air and to watch the silver moonbeams as they danced over the peaceful waters. There sits the contemplative American enjoying the combined delights of tobacco and moonlight, and provided with the indispensable luxury of a second chair on which his legs may find repose. But as the light fades away and evening darkens into night, the cool breeze at first so grateful becomes chilly, and we are glad to seek refuge in the saloon of our steamer. Saloon indeed it is, not cabin, saloon in reality as well as in name. In this magnificent drawing-room, well provided with sofas and armchairs, brilliantly lighted with electric lights, with a rich carpet suited for a palace, who would imagine that we were in the cabin of a coasting steamer? Sometimes an excellent band discourses sweet music, and if the weather is at all cold the handsome stoves fill it with a pleasant warmth. But the cool evening air has made us hungry, and we make our way to a lofty and brilliantly lighted restaurant, where the customary coloured waiters minister to our wants with their customary zeal and good-humoured desire to please. Supper over, we return to the saloon and listen to the music for another hour, until the groups of assembled passengers begin to disappear and the performers find that it is time to bring their performance to a close.

When at length the weary traveller desires unwearied sleep,

he is not condemned to the narrow sofa or stifling berth, with which we are too familiar in our English seas. Far more generously does the American steamship entertain her guests. The thoughtful passenger when he pays for his passage utters the mystic word, "State-room," and proffers an extra dollar. With his ticket a numbered key is handed to him, and on coming on board he discovers on the lower deck, on the floor of the saloon, or on a gallery running round it, a door the number of which corresponds to the number of his key. He enters and finds himself in a comfortable little bedroom. In one corner a washstand with every convenience, on the wall a looking-glass and hard by it an electric or paraffin lamp, a couple of chairs, and a well-appointed bed, quite large enough for the most exigent traveller. You draw back a sort of venetian sliding shutter and you look out on the ocean, and once more watch the moonbeams shimmering over the boundless sea, while in the saloon some familiar tune rings in your ears if you retire before the musicians cease their strains. You sleep as soundly as in your bed upon dry land, and wake up to find that the ship is already in the beautiful harbour of Providence, where the early mists are giving promise of a glorious day. The faithful negro, summoned by a touch of your electric bell, brings you all you need, hot water, drinking water, or it may be an early cup of coffee to refresh you ere you rise. The comfort of your morning ablutions recalls with a pleasant feeling of luxurious satisfaction the miserable scramble for a wash at the common basin of a Channel steamer sailing to Le Havre, Guernsey, or Flushing. Here no contest with half a dozen impatient passengers for the first place at the common basin, no angry shouting to the sleepy steward for a clean towel, no tedious search in carpetbag or portmanteau for the cake of soap which charity requires you to lend, though rather reluctantly, to the inexperienced fellow-passenger, who has started on his journey in the vain hope that the company would at least provide the necessaries for the morning wash. Here a leisurely toilet in your clean, well-arranged little bedroom, where the drawn-back shutter admits the soft light of early morning, reflected in the quiet waters of the harbour. Here the attentive service of the friendly negro, coloured gentleman, ready to busy himself with the stranger's comforts as if they were his own. Here, if you choose, the barber's shop, where another chattering negro, ready with skilful razor, beguiles the time with the amusing simplicity of coloured talk.

Once again, I make the same voyage. This time it is almost mid-winter and the frosty sun sinks fiery red beneath the horizon. What a glorious view of Brooklyn Bridge in the clear atmosphere of cold December! We quite regret it when that magnificent triumph of engineering skill and architectural grace fades away from the sight. Americans, who love warmth, soon retire to the saloon. I remain on the bow of the vessel for some time chatting to the look-out man. He is protected from the cold by thick furs and a veil over his face. His duty is to watch all night, till about 5 a.m., and then he is free to take his rest. In spite of his abnormal hours, he tells me that he sleeps excellently, except on Sundays, when he goes to bed at the same hour as ordinary folk and suffers from the change in his bed-time. He is proud of the Steamship Company, of their boats, of their general management, and praises them for their generosity to all their *employés*. They pay them well, and if the men are disabled in the Company's service, they are provided with a comfortable home for life. He regards these steamers as perfect, and indeed it must be confessed that they attain to an almost ideal perfection in the convenience of their every arrangement. They are some of the finest and best fitted in the whole world. They would not serve on the Atlantic, as they draw only some six or seven feet of water. The shallow waters of the Sound forbid them a greater draught. The waves of mid-ocean would knock them to pieces in a few hours. But in their own place, and for their own work, they are simply magnificent. They are unequalled for size and accommodation, as the prospectus of one of these coast lines asserts with perfect truth. Those on the "Fall River Line" are the largest and fastest. I believe the *Pilgrim* is the prince among them for size and speed. But the *Massachusetts*, which runs direct to the beautiful little city of Providence, and the *Narragansett*, which stops at the busy town of Stonington, and hence sends on its passengers by rail, are but little the inferiors of the *Pilgrim*, and are justly subjects of pride to their owners, and a glory to the material civilization of America.

R. F. CLARKE.

Secular Education in France.

THERE is no disguising the scheme set on foot by the party under whose legal oppression France is now groaning. This scheme is the regeneration of the country in a radical sense, and one of the principal articles of the programme which this scheme entails is the establishment of gratuitous obligatory secular teaching, with the shortest possible delay.

In this scheme absence of religion occupies the first place. This is the end aimed at: all the rest is only for the sake of this. The gratuitous character of the instruction is the honied draught with which the cup is sweetened, so as to make acceptable to the people the deadly beverage which is offered to them. The law is made obligatory precisely in order that no one should withdraw from a method of teaching, the object of which is to free the children of the artizan and labourer "from their ancient prejudice." Without "secularization" they would never have thought of imposing this law, as they declare openly, and if the Government should become Conservative and again order the teaching of the truths of religion in the schools, we should certainly see the most hot-headed champions of obligatory instruction crying out against it as a most frightful tyranny.

Since Radicalism attaches so much importance to unsectarian, or lay teaching, it will not be, perhaps, without interest to inquire into the hidden meaning of this phrase; and to show its meaning as clearly as possible, let us make a brief study of it in the kind of lay instruction primarily demanded by the Radicals, in the partial applications of it which have been attempted, and lastly, in the real triumph which is on the point of being awarded to it, by putting it into practice to its fullest extent.

What lay instruction really is, has for a long time been hidden under the ambiguity of an epithet, which could be understood either as applying to the instructors, or to the

instructions given. The Radicals would make us believe (and the statement is an absolute falsehood) that those who oppose lay instruction would claim the monopoly for the clergy, and take the teaching out of the hands of lay instructors. But, gradually, they left people to guess at the object they were aiming at, until the day when they openly took the first step, and declared that for "religious morality" they would substitute "independent morality."

The campaign began in the newspapers. *L'Opinion Nationale* and the *Siècle* constituted themselves standard-bearers of the new scheme. The Congressionists of Brussels and Liege followed, but were much less ceremonious, and from the first bluntly declared what it was they wanted. In the name of a club of Rouen they demanded "that children should not be bewitched with the tales of a religious mythology." One orator afterwards declared, "that to direct the education of children in a sound manner, it would be necessary to oppose to the immoral study of the Bible the useful history of mankind!" A jeweller, now a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, supported the motion, by declaring "the Bible was the *code of immorality*," and M. Tolain, who sits in the French Senate, expressed the wish that primary instruction should be purified, "perverted as it was by the so-called notions of morality and religion," and lastly, "Citizen" Armangaud gave the Congress a most undisguised version of the Radical scheme, and exclaimed, amid thunders of applause, "Down with superstition, fanaticism, theology, and theocracy!"

This declaration was certainly clear enough, but coming before its time, it was imprudent; there was an attempt made in certain circles to soften its force. It was declared that the Congressionists were the forlorn hope of the Radical party, whose words ought not, and could not, in any possible way compromise the whole party.

The French Freemasons, a most powerful secret society, alone recognized as their legitimate children these violent orators, who had declared war against Almighty God. "Have not the young men of the Congress of Liege," they wrote in their official journal, "been received as Freemasons? Yes, certainly, we have given them the hand of fellowship, and invited them to work with us."¹ At the same time the lodges opened their doors to the man who had made himself in France the

¹ *Monde Maçonnique*, July, 1867.

champion *par excellence* of lay instruction, and they threw themselves into the conflict with all their accustomed ardour. In the month of May, 1870, in the name of one of the lodges, Brother Charpentier demanded "free and unsectarian education"—that is to say, it was not to be "based on ridiculous or dangerous beliefs, or on unhealthy, brutalizing, humiliating superstitions." Events afterwards aided them, and the French masons grew bolder in their demands, and enunciated their designs with coarse frankness. "What is this belief in God? it is a belief in any being whatever which the imagination fashions; if worship is necessary to man, why not choose the worship of reason? . . . Do not hesitate between God and Nature; you must choose: one is an impostor, the other is truth. . . . Let us, then, insist on the most absolute secularism in the matter of teaching."²

Almost at the same time the Council of Paris entered on the stage, and made unsectarian education pass from a theoretical idea into the reality of a practical reform. The Government majority was then in the hands of the Conservatives in the National Assembly, and the Council had nothing to hope for from them, so, waiting better days, it took upon itself to begin the work, and prepare the ways and means. They demanded thoroughly unsectarian, undenominational teaching, they condemned the custom of giving as prizes to children, the *Following of Christ*, the *Gospels*, the *History of Jesus Christ*, and a *Treatise on the Existence of God*. Thus by degrees, and indirectly, they suppressed and closed several schools which were under the direction of religious of both sexes, and at last proclaiming that the hour had arrived to "suppress all beliefs and supernatural superstitions,"³ they obtained, by the assistance of the Prefect then in office, M. Herold, an order which secularized in principle all the public schools of the city of Paris. Some weeks afterwards the carrying out of this order commenced, the religious were partly driven from the municipal schools, and while waiting till the scarcity of teachers ceased to complete their scheme, the prefectorial authority made them take down from the walls of all the classrooms, in the name of unsectarianism, the religious emblems which until then had hung before the eyes of the scholars. One morning a waggon went round to all the schools, they threw in the crucifixes as pieces of furniture henceforth useless,

² See "Instruction laïque gratuite et obligatoire, conférences faites par le F. Fleury dans la R. L. les *Philanthropes réunis*, Orient de Paris, *passim*."

³ *Rapp. de la Commission des écoles, séance du Oct. 17. 1879.*

and Catholic France had the inexpressible grief of seeing the venerated emblems of our redemption thrown into the warehouses of the town amongst worthless household furniture.

Paris had opened the ball, and the party which had come into power was to force France to bow her neck to the secularizing yoke. After the elections, the majority in the Senate, as well as the Chamber of Deputies, had passed into the hands of the Radicals, and they at once began a transformation in the councils which presided over the educational department. The independence of the Superior Council of Public Instruction and of the Councils of the Academy inspired them with fear. They re-organized them according to their fancy, and in expelling from them the deputies of the magistracy, of religion, of the army, and the other great bodies which were then represented, they made those great councils their devoted associates, not to say accomplices. Then, in the heat of the battle on Article VII., M. Ferry pledged himself in the end to exclude all religious from the office of teaching as unworthy. Lacordaire, Ravignan, Monsabre, Felix, unworthy to teach the alphabet! Thus the Radicals began the reform of primary education.

It was necessary to secularize the programme as well as the staff of teachers. They secularized the former by the law of March 28, 1882, in the First Article of which law appeared the suppression of religious instruction in all the public schools, and the substitution for it of unsectarian teaching. Thus the first wishes of the masonic lodges and the Municipal Council of Paris were accomplished! In a country of over 36,102,951 inhabitants, we find 35,387,703 Catholics⁴ and 71,547 schools; we only find 588⁵ whose pupils do not belong to the same religion. And they expunge religious teaching from their programme of instruction in the name of "liberty of conscience!" A misleading phrase, cloaking utterances whose only object was to hide a system of oppression under a high-sounding title. For would liberty of conscience have been injured if each sect had had their own schools? and if all the scholars belonged to the same sect, or faith, what danger could there have been to those who all professed the same religion? But respect for liberty of conscience was only a pretext; the true object was to heathenize or un-Christianize France, and they have taken these means to

⁴ *Statistique de la France*, t. xxi. p. 26.

⁵ Rapp. de M. Bardoux, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, tableau viii.

obtain this result, although they do not dare openly to avow the same. The proof is in the pains they have taken to make religious instruction as difficult as possible; there is a clause in the law which forbids the priest to come in *out of class time* to teach the children in the schools the great truths of religion. This shows their intention most unmistakeably. For in what way could the most delicate conscience have suffered by this private teaching out of school hours?

After the programme of instruction they began to secularize the staff whose business it was to attend to the education, and here again they have come by degrees to the result which the law now being discussed is going to sanction definitely. They first began by making as difficult as possible the choice of masters and mistresses belonging to religious orders, by rejecting their *lettres d'obédience*⁶ (certificates), which for the nuns took the place of a diploma, and insisting on a degree for all the masters without distinction. This practically expelled from teaching a great number of nuns who had passed the age when examinations are still morally possible, though they had not attained to that age which by law would have given them the right to continue teaching without a diploma. But this first result was not enough for the Radicals, and one of the articles of the law now under discussion in the chamber declares purely and simply that in the public schools of all ranks the teaching shall be exclusively confined to a secular staff (Art. 18). This is the realization of the second wish of the free-thinkers of the lodges and of the Municipal Council of Paris.

And what is the motive of this proscription, which will extend to 4,921 masters and 19,616 mistresses belonging to religious orders? We will follow the author of the report in replying to this question: "The suppression of religious instructors in the programme of teaching in the public schools leads to this natural consequence, that the schools cannot any longer be directed by priests or religious.

"In reality, the mission they feel themselves called to fulfil, and the *solemn vows* they have taken, make it a duty with them to give the first place to religious instruction on the dogmas of the faith to which they belong."

⁶ The nuns, after studies done in their convent and, sometimes examinations before people appointed by the Bishop, received formerly "letters of obedience," which for them, and according to the law, were the same as a diploma, so that they were not obliged to go before the public examiners.

This is the principal reason, and the only true one. After having enumerated several others of lesser importance, M. P. Bert continues: "You can add to these reasons, that religious are not fitted to bring up children for domestic life and social activity, as they do not know the joys or the responsibilities of a family, nor the wants and duties of society, while by their profession they hold the state of marriage to be an inferior one. They are thus little fitted to form free men whose respect for the law does not take away from them personal dignity, since they have tied themselves by the vows of humility and passive obedience; just as those who have sworn to obey a foreign chief are little fitted to speak of patriotism. . . Lastly it is important that civil education should be given by instructors devoted to the social state of things sprung from the French Revolution, obeying no law but the civil law, and knowing no other sovereignty but that of the nation."⁷

These are the reasons for condemning without any appeal those whose one crime, but that an unpardonable one, was to have aspired to a life of perfection, and to have entered a religious order in order to carry out their holy design. The condemnation is final, but unhappily for those who carried the measure it could not be put into immediate execution.

There are in France⁸ over 62,756 public schools, 13,135 schools conducted by religious, of which 1,723 schools are for boys, 10,356 for girls, and 1,056 mixed schools. In these schools are employed 4,921 masters and 17,728 mistresses belonging to religious orders, giving instruction to 288,070 boys and 757,946 girls, besides what there are in the infant schools, of which there are 2,136, with a staff of 1,888 mistresses and under-mistresses and 314,209 children.

Whatever hatred they bear to religious teaching and to those who by their vocation have consecrated themselves to impart it to their pupils, they could not, without throwing upon the streets close upon fourteen hundred thousand children, deprive themselves all at once of the help of the masters and mistresses belonging to religious orders. They therefore keep them on for the present, as long as they have need of their services, taking at the same time all possible precautions against them: hence the several prescriptions of the law which we are now considering. The principle of abso-

⁷ *Rapp. de M. P. Bert à la Chambre des Députés*, pp. 9—11.

⁸ *Statistique de l'année scolaire*, 1880-81.

lutely secularizing the staff of all the public schools is adopted (art. 18). Thorough secularization of the teaching staff of the public school for boys in two years time, and the prohibiting of any new nomination of religious masters; prohibition moreover (art. 76) of the nomination of any religious women to the office of mistress to a large school of two hundred and fifty scholars, and forbiddance to make (after three years from the passing of the law) any new nomination of a mistress belonging to any sort of religious order to any post whatever.

It may seem, perhaps, that it would have been a good thing to have consulted the wishes of the people before accomplishing such a transformation. In fact, the scheme of the law of 1876 on primary instruction and the report to which it gave rise⁹ would have been much less radical than the law as it now exists, for they gave to the municipal council of each town and village the right to decide absolutely to what direction the schools should be entrusted, and to appoint, according to the will of the population, religious masters or lay instructors. "The Commune," said M. P. Bert in his report, "is the supreme judge alone competent and alone authorized to decide to whom should be confided the education of the children who frequent the public schools."¹⁰ It was the last shred of liberty, and for this reason it did not satisfy the pretended liberals, and they soon caused it to vanish—they who pride themselves on always scrupulously following the wishes of the people—since by this means the schools, in a great number of communes, would have remained in the hands of religious orders. The authors of the present law acknowledged without shame that many of the towns and villages would never have asked for the supplanting of their religious teachers by lay instructors, because the people were too profoundly Catholic. Now it is in such places that the intervention of the government was "most necessary,"¹¹ to force the hands of the municipal councils, and impose by main force lay masters, who would bring up the rising generation on very different principles. To do this, they would have to tread under foot the desires and rights of the people; but what does that matter? Let them be trodden under foot, and throughout France there will be none but lay teachers in the public schools. Liberty requires this!

⁹ This law was not discussed in 1876.

¹⁰ *Journal Officiel*, July 13, 1877.

¹¹ Cf. Rapp. de M. P. Bert, p. 16.

The work will then be perfect, and all the desires of the patrons of secular instruction will be accomplished. The rights of God will be no more spoken of in the schools, nor our duty toward Him, but He may be inveighed against with the utmost liberty, provided that it is not done too rudely. Instead of religious teachers at the head of the schools, there will only be found free thinkers and atheists. What education will be under these circumstances it is not difficult to guess; it will be "independent," and all is summed up in that word. Do we not already see something of its effects? In one of the great schools of Paris, only a few steps from the humble chapel used by St. Ignatius and his companions, and under the shadow of the Church of the Sacred Heart, they are not content with having suppressed the usual prayers, but they have replaced them by the *Marseillaise*, which the children sing in chorus at the beginning and end of each class. Unhappy, indeed, the generation brought up in such a manner! What can avail against the passions of youth the "fancy" morality which the French Government prescribes, and which consists in "reading some precepts to the pupils and in putting before their eyes some examples," without ever speaking of the principles on which such morality is based, or of its end or its sanctions—what, I ask, can this counterfeit of morality avail to stop them on an evil course. They will grow up out of the reach of the only power which could subdue passion in their souls and uproot vice from their hearts. Their youth will be kept without faith, and what their old age will be, God alone knows.

We should like still to speak of the strange ideas which radicalism has about liberty of conscience when it concerns Catholics. We have seen how, under the pretext of protecting the consciences of a few thousand individuals, secular education has been imposed on a country which numbers thirty-five millions of Catholics; and to put this profound respect for conscience in a clear light, we should like to enumerate some of the countless vexations which those have to endure who remain faithful to their religion. Among other things we should like to speak about those famous manuals of instruction, which although they have been placed on the *Index*, are nevertheless used in the schools whither the law of obligatory instruction drags Catholic children by main force;—unseemly books which are not among the least of the attempts made against the faith of many young souls;—but we should be obliged to

enter into too great a number of details, and so lengthen beyond measure the limits of the short sketch we proposed to ourselves. We shall content ourselves with recalling them to the attention of our readers in a few words.

At the commencement of the campaign it was said "That no minister of any religion, whatever it might be, . . . should interfere in the smallest way with the question of teaching."¹²

"Our patriotic wishes make us postulate a law enacting that all persons who have taken the vow of celibacy should be excluded from teaching."¹³

Eighteen years afterwards the parliamentary echo answers with fitting docility: "In the public schools of all kinds the teaching shall be confided exclusively to lay teachers."¹⁴

Again it says: "The children shall no longer be bewitched with the mythological tales of religion."¹⁵ "War upon superstition, . . . and theology."¹⁶ "No more of these degenerate instructions. Down with supernatural dogmas . . . which train up minds on such pernicious elements as ridiculous and dangerous beliefs, and unhealthy, brutalizing, humiliating superstitions. From henceforth they shall be guided by the study of nature, her laws, and properties."¹⁷ Parliament echoes all this with the same docility, only softening the expressions: "Religious instruction shall no longer be given in the public schools." The children must learn "to hate fanaticism and despise tyranny."¹⁸ Their intellects "must be cultivated by the study of the sciences, and so prepare a liberal mind free from prejudices, not easily led astray, and on which it will not be easy to impose charms and superstitions, from whatever source they may spring. . . . The child will no longer be tempted to ask by a sudden miracle for the healing of any social evil, any more than the cure of any physical malady, and *Saviours will seduce him no longer.*"¹⁹

Is not the resemblance striking between the parliamentary work and the first schemes of the congressionists and the

¹² *L'Ecole*, 1 Décembre, 1866.

¹³ *L'Opinion Nationale*, 19 Mars, 1868.

¹⁴ Art 18 de la loi sur la nomination des instituteurs.

¹⁵ Rapp. fait au congrès de Liège au nom du cercle du Rouen.

¹⁶ Compte rendu officiel du congrès du Bruxelles. *Peuple Belge*, 12 Septembre, 1868.

¹⁷ *Monde maçonnique*, Mai, 1870.

¹⁸ C'est ce qui est dit par voie de pretermission dans l'art. 1er de la loi sur l'instruction obligatoire.

¹⁹ Rapp. de M. P. Bert à la Chambre du députés sur le projet de loi de 1876, pp. 42-44.

lodges? And now can it not be seen clearly what was hidden under the phrase "lay instruction?"

It is under the shelter of lay instruction that they have driven God from the schools. In its name they have torn the crucifix from the walls of the class-rooms. In virtue of its principles, they have exiled from the office of teaching all the masters who wore a cross on their breasts.

They tell us their object was to make men "enemies of fanaticism" and train minds "free from all prejudice, and over which superstition could have no hold," and, in a word, men free from all belief in the supernatural, who do not believe in "miracles or in any saviours."

What need we say more? By its fruits we discover what secular education means, we know what it is in France, and can guess what it will produce in the future. Therefore to put it in a word, will anybody wonder if I repeat here what I have said elsewhere? Secular education, as understood by those who first demanded it, is not only a school without God—it is far worse—for it is a school against God!

FRÉDÉRIC ROUVIER.

Shelley and the "Prometheus Unbound."

SOME little time since a series of letters appeared in the *Athenæum* on the danger which threatened the Casa Magni, or summer villa of Shelley on the Genoese coast. It appears that the Italian Government was projecting a new road from San Terenzo to Lerici, and it was feared that this road would, if it did not destroy the villa altogether, at least rob it of the peace and seclusion which Shelley loved. Mr. Alfred Austin, and other lovers of Shelley, were anxious that no such profanation should be offered to the last house which Shelley lived in, although his stay there extended scarcely over three months. They have probably been much relieved by the news that the road is to go behind the villa, so that its privacy will probably be little disturbed. Such relic-worship as this however seems to point to a deep veneration for the poet himself. As a matter of fact, there is a certain school which seems to think no praise too much when given to Shelley. W. M. Rossetti does not hesitate to class him with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, as one of the "four sublimest sons of song that England has to boast of among the mighty dead—say rather among the undying, the never-to-die." Mr. Swinburne assures us that "Shelley outsang all poets on record, but some two or three, throughout all time. . . . He was alone the perfect singing-god; his thoughts, words, deeds all sang together. . . . The master-singer of our modern race and age; the poet beloved above all other poets, being beyond all other poets—in one word and the only proper word—divine."

These being the sentiments of an influential school of poets and critics, it may be worth our while to spend a short time in study this "perfect singing-god." It will suit our purpose best to take one of his more important works and submit it to a somewhat detailed criticism. I prefer doing this to making selections from his poems and commenting thereon, because the great poet is seen better in a complete work than in snatches of

verse taken from their context, and perhaps thereby rendered difficult to appreciate. Another reason induces me to limit myself to one piece, and that is because a great poet is only seen in some perfect creation. Lesser poets may occasionally write a few lines which are excellent, but if they attempt a great work their power flags and their inferiority betrays itself in their inability to keep above the common level.

Of the larger poems I choose the "Prometheus Unbound" for many reasons. It is less objectionable to good taste than the "Cenci," it affords more scope than the "Adonais" or "Alastor" both to the poet and to the critic; it has too the advantage of having been composed in the poet's best period, within the last three years of his life. W. M. Rossetti considers it his greatest work, and that to have written it is "to be one of the world's immortals."

We shall not be able to understand the "Prometheus Unbound" without some knowledge of the character of its author. Shelley was one of those eager, sanguine men who speak and act almost entirely on impulse. From early College days at Eton, where he disdained to demean himself as a fag, he had been accustomed to have his own way, and to follow his natural bent. He was impatient of restraint, and aspired to the most unfettered liberty. It is not surprising that his life up to manhood should have been one continued struggle against the authorities which he was called upon to obey. He was expelled from Oxford for writing an atheistic tract; quarrelled with his father on this account, and later more completely still, by contracting a *mésalliance* with the daughter of a retired hotel-keeper. He abandoned her in less than three years, and went off to the Continent with a young lady named Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, with whom he lived till his death in 1822.

As a matter of course, he did not find the world as it is at all to his taste. For him the world was evil, and would continue to be evil until some great reformer should appear who would transform everything, and found a kingdom of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, on the basis of Love. He had, he confesses in the Preface to the "Prometheus Unbound," "a passion for reforming mankind," and the object of his works was to "familiarize the highly-refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence," in order to help towards the future regeneration of the race. He was, in fine, one of those hot-headed youths

whose minds had been fired by the poetic fancies of J. J. Rousseau and his dreams about the state of nature. He would have been quite at home with Camille Desmoulins, and would have been overjoyed to take his part in the destruction of the Bastille or in the feast of Pikes.

We can foresee how he would be affected by the "Prometheus Chained" of Æschylus. The picture of the noble Titan bound down to a rock and tortured by the Tyrant Zeus merely for his "man-loving ways," for the benefits which he had conferred upon him; the mind ever invincible amid the thunders and lightning of a foe who had conquered all beside; the proud defiance of conscious virtue against brute violence; this is a picture capable of stirring less excitable minds than that of Shelley. He seized upon the idea, and wrote the "Prometheus Unbound." He considers Prometheus, he says, "the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends." By writing such a play, "lyrical drama," he calls it, he would have opportunities of painting virtue in the most lovable and noble aspect, that of suffering; he could to his heart's content rave against oppression; he could paint his own ideal world of peace and bliss which would rise up from the ashes of the present system symbolized by the reign of Jupiter; in fine, he would have opportunities of "familiarizing the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence."

Guided by some knowledge of his character and of his aim, and keeping in view the critical opinions of W. M. Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne, we will examine the "Prometheus Unbound" in detail. We will consider in order the story, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and thus we shall be able to form an opinion on the real merits of the piece, and whether in our judgment the great praise quoted above is due or not.

In act i. scene 1, Prometheus is discovered bound to a precipice among the icy rocks of the Indian Caucasus or Hindu Kush. Panthea and Ione, two ocean nymphs, are seated at his feet. Prometheus opens the play with a speech in many respects similar to that of his prototype in the "Prometheus Chained" of Æschylus, defiant but pitying, not hating Jupiter, his tormentor, as when he cursed him in the past. That dreadful curse he would hear again; that curse which then withered the face of nature. The shade of Jupiter is called up and compelled

to repeat it, however unwilling. Here we will point out a difficulty which has struck us. Jupiter is the supreme, the omnipotent, yet his shade is laid under a spell by Prometheus, or the earth, the poet says not which, and is compelled to utter, much against his will, the curse which Prometheus spoke in the first burst of his anger against him. The difficulty may perhaps be solved by settling the relation which Jupiter himself bore to his ghost. The poet, however, nowhere helps us to this, and so I leave the matter to the thought of the metaphysical reader. Mercury then appears on the scene, accompanied by three Furies, who are to do their worst on Prometheus if he will not consent to reveal to Jupiter the secret about the transfer of power in heaven, which Jupiter knows too well is to take place. Prometheus refuses to tell the secret, for it would establish Jupiter firmly on his throne and rivet faster the chains of man. He is then left to the furies, who call up a band of their sisters and form a taunting chorus round the helpless but patient Titan. He expects more pains of the body, but the more dreadful terrors of the mind are in store for him. The veil of past ages is lifted, and Prometheus sees the wreck of all the past hopes of the world. Jesus Christ appears and mourns over the destruction caused by the faith which He established on earth. The bright promise of the French Revolution is extinguished in bloodshed, hate, and worse tyranny. The furies vanish save one. Jesus Christ again appears on the Cross, and the sight of Him, and of the bloody persecutions of the faith, rack the agonized Titan. The hypocrisy and hard-heartedness of man make him suffer still more. He pities those who do not feel for such misery.

At the word "pity" the remaining Fury vanishes. Prometheus is soon consoled by the sympathy of Panthea and the Earth, and a chorus of spirits of the Human Mind, who are the gentle guides and guardians of men. They promise him that he shall quell Death. Prometheus, however, feels that all hope is vain but love, and finds his only true consolation in the thought of Asia, his bride, who is in exile in a lovely vale of the same mountains. Panthea goes off to fetch her. So ends the first act.

As a story, nothing can be finer than this first act. Prometheus, exposed to all the torments that omnipotent wrath can use against him, bearing up patiently and constantly through love for weak man, in working for whose good he incurred the

wrath of the tyrant, this is a spectacle worthy of gods and men. This seems the very impersonation of the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*. But Prometheus soars still higher. When Æschylus wishes to show the Titan unsubdued to the last, he makes the lightnings flash, the thunders roll, the earth quake and open to engulf him. Shelley's most dreadful torment for him "of the man-loving ways," are the miseries of mankind brought up before him from the dread abyss of the past. The slaughter, the hate, the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the meanness of man his well-beloved, of him for whom and for whose welfare he suffers. We know nothing in the whole range of pagan literature to equal this. The thought is too sublime for a pagan poet to conceive or for a pagan audience to appreciate. Cicero relates that in a play of M. Pacuvius, when Orestes was going to be killed, his friend Pylades asserted that he was the real Orestes, that he might be killed in his friend's place. Orestes, however, on his side maintained the truth. The generous love of the two friends was thought so sublime, so superhuman, that the whole theatre rose and applauded. Shelley has far outdone that. But is this quite the right way of putting it? are these thoughts Shelley's own? We have already said that the character and many of the sentiments of Shelley's Prometheus are copied from Æschylus. This applies especially to the opening speech, which in many passages is almost a translation from Æschylus. We need not point out the source of the sublime thought to which we have been calling attention. The mention of the Crucifixion, and the close resemblance of the torments of Prometheus to those of our Lord on the Cross will have struck every reader. The same thoughts as those which Shelley clothes with such beautiful language here, have been familiar to Catholics from childhood. Whether the imitation was intentional we know not, but it goes ill with Shelley's professed dislike and contempt of the Christian faith. It is only one instance of many in which modern poets are indebted for their chief beauties to Christian ideas.

The second act opens with Asia, whom Shelley, following Herodotus, makes the wife of Prometheus, discovered in a distant lovely vale of the Indian Caucasus. She expresses her longing for her sister Panthea, whom she expects. The latter enters, and after a great deal of sentiment and fancy, which it is not always easy to understand, the two move off linked hand in hand, guided by Echoes, which repeat the words "Follow,

follow," interwoven with a pretty lyric. They come to a forest where choruses of spirits and fauns delight them with their sweet singing. Next they come to the realm of Demogorgon. The description of the mountain scene by Asia is worthy of Wordsworth. It indeed suggests some passages of the "Excursion." To the song of spirits they descend to the cave of Demogorgon. This being has "neither limb, nor form, nor outline," but it is felt to be a living spirit. It asks Asia what she would know. She questions it as to the origin of the world, and receives the answer, "God." She wishes to know the origin of good and of evil. She again receives the answer, "God, Almighty God." "He reigns." "Who reigns?" asks Asia, indignantly. She then proceeds to give her own version of the origin of things and of the progress of man's civilization. She then asks:

Prometheus shall arise
Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world:
When shall the destined hour arrive?

In answer the Hours appear in cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds. One of dreadful aspect stops for Asia to question it, and in answer says that it will, "ere yon planet set, wrap heaven's kingless throne in lasting night." So saying, it hastens on, blackening the night. Another chariot appears, "an ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire," guided by a young spirit with "dovelike eyes of hope." This spirit invites Asia to reascend with him: they pause within a cloud on the top of a snowy mountain. The sun "will not rise till noon to-day held spell-bound in his course;" nevertheless the cloud becomes illumined, and it is found that the mysterious light comes from Asia's dazzling beauty, over whom a sudden change has come. Panthea dare not look on her sister, but speaks in words of rapture of her beauty, and asks if she does not feel the inanimate winds enamoured of her. Asia declares the mighty virtue of love, and the two sisters listen to a voice in the air greeting Asia as Life of Life and Child of Light in an ode which Asia answers by another, beginning:

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing.

This ends act ii.

The most inattentive reader will not have failed to notice the great difference between this act and the first. In the first

the great figure of Prometheus was always present, and the action moved on with something of the tragic grandeur of the play of Æschylus. We felt while gazing on him that here was something real, something earnest, a stubborn, manly will battling against pain and woe. There was something to contemplate, something to admire, some fruit to be gained. But in the second act all this is changed. Prometheus disappears from view, and Asia and Panthea become the prominent actors. Asia, it seems, was intended by the poet to do duty for at least three pagan goddesses—Asia, and Venus the goddess of Love and Beauty, and the Great Mother or Nature. But all three goddesses joined together fail to make a person that can interest us. She is described as a being of ravishing beauty, "whose footsteps pave the world with loveliness;" the radiance of her beauty Panthea can scarce endure; when she was born of the foam of the sea, Love burst from her and "illuminated earth and heaven and all that dwells within them;" "all articulate beings love her;" "her smiles make the cold air fire;" "her voice sounds low and tender;" the souls whom she loves "walk upon the winds with lightness." She is thus an idealized Aphrodite, the spirit of love and loveliness. But this is her only feature. She has no size, no shape, no will, no virtue, no aims; she has but soft, ardent longings, and is herself the object of them in others. In the first scene Asia and Panthea tell each other their dreams, which centre mysteriously in Prometheus: a dream-spirit actually comes between them while conversing, and passes into the mind of Panthea. Asia looks into "the deep blue boundless heaven" of Panthea's eyes, and sees Prometheus smiling and promising that they shall meet. Echoes and spirits lead them to the cave of Demogorgon, the terrible and potent king of the elves and fairies, which Shelley, following Ariosto, places in the Western Himalayas, if the Hindu Kush may be looked upon as belonging to that group of mountains. This is the land of young spirits "with dove-like eyes of hope," who drive steeds fed on the lightning, and whose drink is the "whirlwind's stream." Their speed makes the night kindle, and they outstrip the typhoon. The only piece that jars with the fantastic beings and thoughts of this act is the long history of civilization, which Prometheus gives in Æschylus, and which here comes oddly enough from Asia. Prometheus of course, as in Æschylus, is the great benefactor of man, and has taught him all arts and sciences. We thought, however, that female

politicians who discourse on the rights of man and inveigh against tyranny were a growth of the nineteenth century. It seems we were mistaken.

We must confess that whenever we read this act the conviction forces itself upon us that we have in it the effects of opium. That Shelley took laudanum, and often in large doses, for the last twelve years of his life, is a fact mentioned by W. M. Rossetti in the Memoir prefixed to his edition of the poems. Shelley himself in one of his letters describes the effects of opium on himself as follows: "My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to such a state of unnatural and keen excitement, that only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopic distinctness. Towards evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanimation, and often remain for hours on the sofa between sleep and waking, a prey to the most painful irritability of thought."

These, we presume, are what De Quincey calls the Pains of Opium. The act which we are criticizing would be a result of the Pleasures of Opium. It is well known that Coleridge composed his *Kubla Khan* while sleeping under the effects of opium, and if the reader will take the trouble to read that fragment and De Quincey's Confessions relating to his dreams, and compare these with this second act, we have little doubt but that he will come to the same conclusion as ourselves. There is in them all the same over luxuriance of fancy, the gorgeous scenery, the strange perversions of space and time, and the same want of substance. No one can read the mysterious song of the spirits, "Down, down," which accompanies Asia's descent to the cave of Demogorgon, without being reminded of that passage of De Quincey: "I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically but literally, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend." This is the very sensation conveyed by the lyric referred to. However this may be, it does not prevent some of the lyrical pieces being very beautiful in themselves, but what it does is that it robs them of all substance and reality. There is nothing to which we can attach the really pretty thoughts and fine language which occasionally appear. Thus there is a feeling that there is no sufficient basis for the sentiments and language of the last two odes of the act, one of which has been already quoted. The other begins thus:

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them, &c.

The phrases sound extravagant and unmeaning, because we feel that there is nothing in the persons addressed to warrant them. They would be far better if taken from the context and read by a person who mentally furnished his own object to which they should be applied. The whole act, as it stands, is spoiled by the great sin of modern poetry, according to Mr. M. Arnold, it wants "sanity."

In act iii. Jupiter is discovered sitting on his throne surrounded by the other deities. He is rejoicing over his approaching conquest of man's soul, the only thing yet unsubdued. Demogorgon, his son, is to accomplish the deed. The destined Hour arrives with Demogorgon in its car. The latter descends and drags Jupiter himself down into the dark abyss. The fall of Jupiter, and its joyful issue, is told by Apollo to Ocean on the island Atlantis. In the third scene, Prometheus is released by Hercules with the words :

Most glorious among spirits ! thus doth Strength
To Wisdom, Courage and long-suffering Love,
And thee who art the form they animate,
Minister like a slave.

Prometheus descends from his rock and welcomes Asia, who is borne in on the car of the Spirit of the Hour. Prometheus, who represents man, is now united, never again to be parted, with Asia, with Love, with Nature the Great Mother. There is to be a total revolution of all things. Love is to hold sway over a world that owns no other rule, and is to make all happy and wise. There is now no evil in the world ; it has ceased to exist with the downfall of Jupiter. Prometheus knows of a cave "all overgrown with trailing odorous plants," &c., whither he will retire with Asia, and "will entangle buds and flowers and beams," and be in bliss. One thing remains. Prometheus asks that a tiny shell, Proteus' nuptial gift to Asia, be handed to the Spirit of the Hour, who is to go to the abodes of men, and "breathe into the many folded shell, loosening its mighty music." She may then return, and live by the cave of Prometheus. While these commands are being executed, the Earth, Prometheus, and Asia, talk of the future, and a little Spirit of the Earth prattles lovingly to Asia. When the Spirit of the Hour returns, she tells of all that the sounding shell has wrought on earth. All things now are as if the "sense of Love

dissolved in them, had folded itself round the spheréd world." "It is the pain of bliss to move, to breathe, to be." "Thrones are kingless, hate, disdain, or fear, self-love, or self-contempt is no more inscribed on human brows . . . women now are frank, beautiful, and kind":

From custom's evil taint exempt and pure,
Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
Looking emotions once they feared to feel . . .

. . . Nor pride,

Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill-shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoilt the sweet taste of the nepenthé, love.
Thrones, altars, judgment-seats and prisons,—wherein,
And beside which, by wretched men were borne
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,—
Were like those monsters and barbaric shapes,
The ghosts of a no more remembered fame . . .
The painted veil—by those who were, called life—
Who mimicked, as with colour idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside.
The loathsome mask has fallen. The man remains,—
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man :
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself ; just, gentle, wise : but man.

In this act the catastrophe is reached, and it should be the end of the play. The tyrant is overthrown, Prometheus is unbound, and man is made happy and wise. There is nothing left to desire, and any addition only destroys the unity of the piece. Indeed, we learn from Shelley's letters that originally the play did end here. Only some months after the completion of the play did he get the idea that he might tack on a fourth act, in which nature should be shown rejoicing in its freedom and bliss. Mrs. Shelley also has the following in her note on the "Prometheus Unbound." "At first he completed the drama in three acts. It was not till several months after, when at Florence, that he conceived that a fourth act, a sort of hymn of rejoicing in the fulfilment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus, ought to be added to complete the composition." We shall see whether the fourth act is a desirable addition to the piece.

We cannot look upon this act with any enthusiasm. It strikes us that the parts are not well joined together. There is a miserable inadequacy of the means to the ends which they

produce. It amounts almost to sheer childishness at times. The Power that dethrones Jupiter, does it apparently out of no particular motive, but merely because he was fated so to do. He has no hatred for the tyrant, he gains nothing by it, he only asserts that he is mightier than Jupiter, and proceeds to show it by dragging him down to darkness. Apollo and Ocean are introduced, two new characters at the end of the play, merely to talk the matter over between themselves and then vanish never to reappear, for the effects of the downfall are told more at length afterwards. Prometheus is then unbound. But this should have been the centre point of the play, in which all that went before culminated and from which all the results flowed. But the downfall of Jupiter is really the cause of man's happiness, and with that event Prometheus had nothing to do either directly or indirectly, he neither incited to it nor was he the motive. It may indeed be said that Prometheus announced the downfall of the tyrant to man through the Spirit of the Hour and the tiny shell. But this is such a childish device. What subtle magic can be supposed to reside in a tiny sea-shell, that can produce such results as are related by the Spirit of the Hour? For it must always be borne in mind that we are dealing with sober, earnest tragedy, and not with a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Truly there is great want of sanity here. Such devices are better in accord with the land of elves and fairies of the second act. We shall have more to remark about this scene later on.

The fourth act opens with a dance of Unseen Spirits and Hours in presence of Panthea and her sister Ione in the neighbourhood of the cave of Prometheus. The Spirits of the Human Mind soon join them, and they celebrate their release with dance and song. Some of the Spirits soon vanish to build—

A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to yield ;
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

The rest also soon vanish, and Panthea and Ione then hear the music made by the rolling world. They espy through two openings in the forest "two visions of strange radiance." One proves to be the Moon in her chariot, which is of the covered form, cab-shaped, and inside is a winged infant whose "eyes are heavens of liquid darkness," and of general unsurpassed

beauty. "In its hand it sways a quivering moonbeam," with which it directs its chariot. The other vision is a sphere, which represents the Earth. Within this, too, is an infant spirit, who moves his little lips "like one who talks of what he loves in dream." But this we are told is "only mocking the orb's harmony. Within, too, are seen all the treasures of earth, and now happily buried, kings, priests, &c., with their ruined palaces and fanes, all covered over with the skeletons of antediluvian monsters.

The earth communicates the change it has undergone to the moon with a ray of light, and they then sing in amœbean strains the downfall of the tyrant, the regeneration of man, the universal reign of love, and their own bliss. Panthea and Jove remark upon the beautiful sounds which they have just heard, and then Demogorgon appears. He calls upon all the Powers of nature, who respond to the call, and in this great conclave he solemnly announces the day of Deliverance, and thus concludes the play:

To suffer woes which hope things infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent ;
To love and bear ; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

The striking feature of this act is that strange apparition and mutual felicitations of the Earth and Moon. It is a monstrous instance of bad taste from beginning to end. When it is not childish, as when the wingéd infant guides his chariot with a moonbeam, it is grotesque, as when the Earth addresses the Moon thus :

O gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,
Charming the tiger joy, whose trappings fierce
Made wounds which need thy balm.

One would suppose that Shelley had in all sincerity copied Shakespeare :

I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

Of the rest of the act some of the thoughts are pretty and well expressed ; but the whole act is quite unnecessary, and forms a

mere excrescence on the play, which would be much better without it.

We have now laid before the reader the action of this play in sufficient detail to enable him to form his own conclusions as to its merits. We have seen that in the first act there are great beauties, but borrowed; that in the other three acts there is much that is fanciful, too fanciful for sober tragic scenes, much that is extravagant, childish, and grotesque; that the parts are not well fitted together; but that after all there are some beautiful odes even if they be wanting in substance and reality.

Such is the action of the "*Prometheus Unbound*," the part of a play which is by far of greatest importance. The action of a piece is to a play what figure is to a statue. Without a good figure you may drape, and paint, and ornament as you like, but you will not get a good statue. In the same way, without a great and noble action in a drama, and that skilfully displayed, great characters are thrown away, sentiments sound hollow and unnatural, and fine language is worthless drapery. Shelley does not seem to have learnt two of three things, which according to Mr. M. Arnold, it was vitally necessary for him to know, accurate construction, and the subordinate character of expression. We have seen in the foregoing sketch how loosely the parts of the play hold together. Expression we hope to treat of in a future number.

J. SLATER.

The Duke of Perth and Bossuet.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the alarm which was occasioned throughout the whole of Protestant Europe by the publication, in 1668, of Bossuet's *Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique*. England shared in the panic, and was eloquent in expressing her terrors and her indignation. Her theologians (if we may venture to use the term) vied with each other in denouncing this dangerous and wicked little treatise. But it was easier to rail than to refute. The author of this pamphlet stated in language at once brief, clear, and moderate, the doctrines which are taught by the Catholic Church. He placed them in their true light; stripped them of the additions by which they had been disguised and disfigured, too often dishonestly, by opponents, and thus gave the world the opportunity of knowing not only what Trent taught, but what Trent did not teach. This plain statement of the doctrine of the Church removed a thousand difficulties, and was the first step towards obtaining a fair hearing. And in many cases nothing more was needed.

The work was a mighty success. It was speedily translated into Latin, and then into Italian, German, Dutch, and Swedish, in fact, into nearly every European language. We have the authority of Dom Sherburne, Superior of the English Benedictines, for stating that within the space of three months as many as five thousand copies had been sold in London; and that a third edition was in progress at the time when he wrote.¹ Pope Innocent the Eleventh gave it his formal sanction,² thereby silencing the demands of those persons who ventured to clamour for its condemnation at Rome. It would be tiresome were we to attempt to enumerate the converts whom it united to the Church in France; let it suffice to name the Marshal of Turenne and the two grandsons of Duplessis Mornay. Among its

¹ Sherburne to Bossuet, April 3, 1686, *Œuvres de M. Bossuet*, ix. 573, ed. 1778.

² *Ibid.* 148, 211.

converts in our own country is one whom we may here venture to bring before the notice of the readers of the MONTH. In introducing to them James Drummond, Earl and Duke of Perth, they become acquainted with a man worth knowing. His personal character is very interesting, and won for him the highest praise from Bossuet himself. His history has not attracted the attention which it well merits, and the facts which form the basis of the ensuing pages may be accepted without hesitation, since they are derived from original authorities, chiefly from the printed correspondence of the great Bishop of Meaux.

The family of Drummond is one of remote antiquity in the west of Scotland. It settled in the county of Dumbarton at a very early period, and there occupied a respectable position as far back as the thirteenth century.³ James Drummond, the individual in whose history we are more specially interested, was born in 1648; and after having had the advantage of a liberal education, he succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Perth in 1675. He devoted himself to a political life, and speedily rose to a high position in it. One appointment followed another in rapid succession, until on June 23, 1684, he obtained the dignity of Chancellor of Scotland. He warmly identified himself with the line of policy adopted by James the Second; to whose Government he rendered many important services by his commanding talents, his political influence, and the admitted excellence of his moral character. And as he was known to be a Protestant, no objections on the head of religion could be advanced against the measures which he himself adopted and endeavoured to carry into practice. A great change however was impending, and he himself tells us how it was effected.

Shortly after the death of Charles the Second (February 6, 1685), his successor, James the Second, then upon the English throne, put into the hands of the Earl of Perth a paper which he had found among the effects of his late brother. It referred to the great question of the True Church, and advanced arguments in favour of the Church of Rome which made a deep impression upon the Scottish Chancellor. In following up the inquiry he became acquainted with the *Exposition* of the Bishop of Meaux;⁴ the perusal of which gradually removed his difficulties

³ See Douglas's *Baronage*, ii. 357, and the *Registrum Episcopatus Glasguensis*, ii. 464, 469, 503, 621.

⁴ We learn from the Earl himself that this book came into his hands by a strange accident, it having been sent to him by a Protestant minister, who thought that it would confirm him in his heresy. *Ibid.* 542.

and showed him the course which he ought to adopt. A Jesuit Father named Widrington⁵ aided him in the inquiry, of whose prudence and sympathy he speaks with much gratitude. At length the truth prevailed, and the Earl followed the dictates of his conscience. After some hesitation he made James acquainted with the step which he had taken; of course it met with his warmest approbation, and by him the Scottish Chancellor was permitted to retain the high political offices to which he had already been appointed.⁶

But although the Earl of Perth had secured the approval of his Sovereign in becoming a Catholic, he was well aware that by so doing he had exposed himself to a considerable amount of obloquy and danger, which was almost sure to arise in other quarters. Nor was he mistaken. For a time the royal protection shielded the convert, but both the King and his Chancellor were conscious that the day of trial could not be far distant. While James was yet seated upon the throne of England, the Earl of Perth thus sketched his position as a Catholic for the information of Bossuet.

The Earl endeavoured in the first place to explain to his correspondent how difficult was the position of James, called as he was to govern a kingdom composed of such incoherent materials as Great Britain. England was almost entirely Protestant, Ireland almost entirely Catholic, and Scotland balancing between the one and the other. Less fertile, less extensive than either, it had within its limits a large body of resolute men, who, when they have once embraced an opinion, cling to it with a wonderful pertinacity. Those portions of it, said he, which are the least accessible, and of which the inhabitants are the most warlike, are for the most part either Catholics, or ready to become Catholics as soon as the truth shall be proposed to them. Here a plentiful harvest may be expected, for the entire county of Argyll belongs to the King; while the remainder is the property of the Duke of Gordon and the Earl of Stafford. The writer of the paper, the Earl of Perth, was also an extensive landholder. Consequently the prospect was encouraging.

It will easily be understood that such a condition of affairs must be exceedingly annoying to the Presbyterians, the largest

⁵ Apparently Father Robert Widrington, born in 1660, who died at Durham in January, 1742. See the *Collectanea* of Brother Foley, ii. 842.

⁶ The letters from which these details have been taken are dated at Windsor and London, in October and November, 1685.

of the various bodies of religionists among whom Scotland is divided. These are the men, continued the writer of this Report, who would cut the throat of every Catholic, and quote for their authority the command given in the Old Testament for the destruction of the Amalekites. Already have they dipped their sacrilegious hands in the blood of King Charles the First, and they would be nothing loth to do the same thing in the person of his son. At present, however, they keep quiet, for no better reason than that they dare not do otherwise ; but they are trying to stir up England. This, however, is not easily done, for there the people are content with the laws as they stand ; and they are in no hurry to engage themselves in a rebellion, of the benefits of which the Scots hope to reap the chief advantage. But these latter say that they are content to bide their time, knowing well, as they do, that to hear Mass, or to attempt to make a convert to the Catholic religion is, in Scotland, a crime as heinous as that of high treason, and thus persecution becomes at once easy and profitable.

Fully conscious, then, of the danger of the step which he was taking, the Earl of Perth had the courage to declare that he had become a Catholic. To do so required a firmness of character, in which Sir Robert Sibbald, a friend of the Earl, and a recent convert, was lamentably deficient, having abandoned the faith on discovering that it would bar his progress in his profession.⁷ But the Chancellor was made of better metal. He made the Bishop of Meaux acquainted with his conversion and reception into the Church, and of the steps by which this crowning grace had been attained. Bossuet replied without delay, and endeavoured to express the joy which he felt on hearing of his lordship's conversion. He saw in it the first fruits of what he believed would prove to be a plentiful harvest of souls, and he trusted the issue to the King's example and the blessing of God.⁸

The pressure of business and a journey from London to Scotland prevented the Chancellor from replying to this encouraging letter until the following February. In that answer he gives ample proof of the earnestness of the zeal by which he was animated. He is full of hope for the conversion of his countrymen, an event which he considers to be within a reasonable possibility. He has observed, he says, that everywhere is felt a deep interest in all questions con-

⁷ *Id.* 532.

⁸ *Id.* 491, 493, 494, 495, 498.

nected with religion. He announces the recent conversion of his brother, Lord Melford, and of his son's tutor, a man of great scholarship and high character. Thus encouraged, he asks the Bishop to remember Scotland in his prayers, and to ask for its inhabitants the grace of a speedy conversion.⁹

One of the difficulties to which Catholics were exposed in these days of cruel persecution was that of obtaining a proper education for their children. In Scotland no one was allowed to teach unless he had the sanction of the Presbytery, and the necessity of this sanction was employed as an engine which worked well for rooting out the Catholic religion. The Earl escaped from its pressure by sending his son to be educated in France. He recommended the young man to the care of the Bishop of Meaux, who received him with kindness and rendered him many important services. The correspondence between the Chancellor of Scotland and the French Prelate became, as was natural, more frequent and more confidential, and from it we gather a few facts sufficiently interesting to be worth preserving.¹⁰

Catholicism had much to contend against in Scotland, especially against two obstacles. Its adherents were few in number, and there was no union among them. Each man worked for himself, within his own sphere of action, without reference to what was being done, or might be done, in other quarters. The King had invited the Benedictines to come into the country. There were few parish priests and no bishop. Among the regulars, the Jesuits were numerically the strongest, being almost as large a body as the ecclesiastics formerly were. Each of these communities, writes the Earl of Perth, works apart from the other, and under the direction of its own Superior; their labours, therefore, are less effective than they would be if they followed the guidance of a single individual. The Earl urges Bossuet to endeavour to find some remedy for this state of affairs, the disadvantages of which needed no further illustration.

In the meantime the writer of this interesting letter unfolds to his episcopal correspondent the measures which he had taken in order to meet the difficulty to which he had last adverted. It is best to follow as closely as possible the narrative as it is given in the authority which is here quoted.¹¹

"I have already invited all the missioners who are in Edin-

⁹ *Id.* 502.

¹⁰ *Id.* 537, 538.

¹¹ *Id.* 543.

burgh, as well secular priests as Jesuits, to dine with me every Saturday, that being the only day of the week on which I am at liberty. It seems to me that some good may come of these gatherings. Dinner being over we read the news which reaches us from every corner of this kingdom. The Fathers having left it to me to arrange the plan upon which our meetings shall be conducted, we have adopted the following course of procedure.

"In the first place we discuss how far it may be possible to establish priests in localities where Catholics already exist, and to select such missionaries for them as appear to be most capable of advancing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have taken upon myself to provide modest pensions for such families as are unable to support a priest without this assistance. By some such arrangement as this things may be put on a better footing than they have been hitherto.

"Our next care is to find the means for opening a new mission in places where no Catholics exist at the present time; endeavouring to arrange so that some persons, from conscientious motives or from interest, should undertake to provide for the missionary so sent.

"My next step was to write to all the priests dispersed throughout Scotland, asking them to send me lists of all persons in their respective neighbourhoods who are capable of serving the King, either in the Courts of Justice or in the command of troops; as also of such as are poor, in order that his Majesty may provide for their wants. I have also been desirous to obtain information as to the number of ministers who are convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith, and who remain attached to Protestantism for no better reason than for the sake of keeping their situations; my object in so doing being to show them what course it would be best for them to pursue in their sermons in order to prepare their people for their conversion.

"In the last place, I have requested the priests to consult me in the event of any misunderstanding arising between them and the people, as it may reasonably be supposed that I am more familiar than they can be in the ways of the world. By so doing one may hope to prevent unpleasant matters coming before the public, and leading to results which might be disagreeable and dangerous."¹²

¹² *Ibid.* 543.

Sensible and judicious as these arrangements seem to be upon the whole, they were not attended with the success which their President had anticipated. It was impossible that such conferences could long remain unobserved in the midst of a population so hostile to Catholicity as Edinburgh was at that time; and we may feel sure that measures would speedily be taken to thwart the good which otherwise might have been accomplished. The zeal of the recent convert failed to recognize certain practical difficulties in matters of detail which were obvious to the larger experience and the riper judgment of the men with whom he wished to act. Nor were the people at large so ripe for conversion as he seems to have imagined. The quiet resolution with which a Scotchman clings to his opinions, especially on matters of religion, has always been one of his national characteristics; and it showed itself with unusual energy during the Great Revolution under James the Second. That event put to flight all the hopes for the conversion of his country in which the Earl of Perth had permitted himself to indulge. The flight of the King and the arrival of the Prince of Orange were the signal for a general rising against the obnoxious Catholics. The Chancellor of Scotland, although not one word could be said against his character or his conduct, was one of the first to suffer when the Protestantism of Scotland burst into a flame. The mob of Edinburgh broke into his house and plundered it. They burnt at the Market Cross such objects as offended their political or religious convictions. Among these were some which had belonged to the Chancellor, such as portraits of the King, of Bossuet, and of the Scottish Chancellor, together with a crucifix.¹³ They sacked the Chapel of Holyrood, which James had recently restored and furnished for Catholic worship. Father John Worsley, S.J., was apprehended at Berwick for being a priest and a Jesuit, and during nineteen months was confined in a very damp dungeon underground, during which time he was never once permitted to see another priest.¹⁴ For a time the Earl of Perth escaped from the hands of the dominant party; but not for long. Attempting to escape from Burntisland into France, the ship in which he had set sail was overtaken by a boat from Kirkcaldy, into the prison of which town he was thrown and treated as a common felon. For greater security he was removed to Stirling Castle, where he remained in close custody until relieved by warrant on June 28,

¹³ *Id.* x. 57.¹⁴ Foley, *Records*, xii. 645.

1693. But he was not permitted to remain in Great Britain, being compelled to sign a bond by which he undertook to leave the realm under the penalty of five thousand pounds.

The subsequent history of the Duke of Perth is soon told. After spending some time in travelling¹⁵ he fixed his residence in Rome, where he spent two years. The exiled James the Second then summoned him to St. Germain, and entrusted him with the education of his son, the young Prince, an office which he discharged to the King's satisfaction. The Duke of Perth—for to that dignity he had been raised by James—died in March, 1716, and was buried in the Chapel of the Scotch College at Paris.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

¹⁵ In 1845 a very interesting volume was edited for the Camden Society by William Jordan, containing the "Letters from James Earl of Perth," written partly during his imprisonment in Scotland, but chiefly during his subsequent travels on the Continent. They range in date between December 29, 1688, from Stirling Castle, until April 1, 1696, when he was at Leghorn on his return to France.

The Ruin'd Shrine.

WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

I.

LONESOME the road beside—where oft I wend
In pensive mood, between tall elms which bend
Above me, and, in serried colonnade,
From scorching sunshine make a cooling shade,
Or shelter from cold sea-breeze or the land's—
A little chapel all in ruin stands,

With ivy clad,
Alone amid decay its pale leaves undecay'd.

II.

A pathlet vague and overgrown with weeds
Up to some broken steps, moss-cover'd, leads,
Or led,—the winding stair to shapeless door;
Ne'er opening now, since none e'er enter more,
In simple worship at the altar there
To bend the knee and offer heartfelt prayer

To God on high,
As weary souls did use in lowlier days gone by.

III.

Still on the beam-bare roof, in turret quaint,
Hangs the old bell, as brooding its complaint,
In silence, through long listless lingering years ;
Once wont to call the honest villagers
Each early morn, and cheer on darkening eves
The herdsman homeward wending with his beeves,

Who still would stay,
Hearkening the sound, then, soothed, hold on his toil-
some way.

IV.

Yet, maugre mouldering beam and crumbling stone,
Beseeems it, moved of pity to atone
For evil wrought upon it unaware,
As time had nursed it with a tender care,
Rather than, envious of all things that dure,
Compass'd its ruin and destruction sure,

Till not one trace

Remaineth of its pride in days of bounteous grace.

V.

Save only, though the years have wrought their will,
A dream of holiness pervades it still :
There the worn flags by generations trod,
There the dim altar where they own'd their God,
Down kneeling side by side ; the broken bowl,
Whence they drew freshening sprinkle for the soul ;

And every sign

And symbol of their faith in Providence benign.

VI.

Often, as through the rusty grill I gaze,
I hear sweet voices that in concert raise
The anthem still, and see the white-robed choir,
And swaying censer with its golden fire,
And fleecy odours floating solemnly
Up round about the Host,—while every knee,

In stillness awed,

And every head bends low in presence of the Lord.

VII.

I watch them, after, issue from the door,
With still an alms for the accustom'd poor,
There lingering sad to see ; and through the maze
Of meadowy bye-paths wend their various ways,
To their far homes half-hid in bowery trees ;
Till, left alone, left unobserved of these,

A little while

Once more I, mournful, turn towards the empty aisle.

VIII.

And lo—where hallow'd shadows hushful brood
 About the peaceful place, before the Rood—
 Fain of his spirits' fervour to prevail,
 A knight down kneeling in his coat of mail,
 Asking of Heaven its faith-defending aid
 To sword and shield in far-off fierce crusade,
Whither away

He through the gates of dawn would fare the morrow day.

IX.

Humbly—he, first in foray or at tilt—
 His folded hands upon his broadsword's hilt,
 Praying God's mercy, should he fall before
 The heathen foe, and never kneel there more ;
 And breathing vow to seek his soul's assoil
 At sainted shrine, with gifts of goodliest spoil
In warfare ta'en,

Wherefrom if he return to be perform'd full fain.

X.

Or I behold, there standing side by side,
 Wedded, the happy Bridegroom and his Bride,
 Dazed of their joy: Ah! blissful vision fair,
 Of Youth and Beauty link'd together there,
 While pretty children scatter sweetest flowers
 From osier baskets in all-coloured showers,

For earnest sake
 Of love that all their life one pleasant path shall make!

XI.

Comes then, alas! sad shadow o'er the scene,
 A mournful dimness where but now had been
 Such pure and joyous light, and in its stead
 Darkness and solemn wailing for the dead,
 The catafalque high-lifted, and the pall,
 Surrounded grimly with great tapers tall—

Yet soft, though plain,
 Sweet with the dismal dirge there breathes hope's soothe-
 ful strain.

XII.

Then fades it all away in dreamful wise,
With sudden absence from my wondering eyes,
That straightway, as erewhile, naught else behold
Save crumbled altar deck'd with damp and mould,
And all the rot and ruin—haunt full rare,
Where undisturb'd the coney makes his lair,
And, fearless all,
The stone-still lizard basks his length upon the wall.

XIII.

The peasant as thereby he wends his way,
Bows not the head as in a lowlier day ;
Nor makes, with gesture meek, the sacred sign,
In token of the Sacrifice Divine ;
Ne'er turns accustom'd sideglance, nor e'en nods
Up at the Virgin's niche, as past he plods—
Niche empty now,
Save what of shatter'd image still may rest below.

XIV.

Heedless he hies, oft passing to and fro,
Scarce wistful if there be a God or no ;
Content so he but live from day to day,
Like to his betters, and no worse than they,
Who all the old religion laugh to scorn,
As foolishness no longer to be borne,
Of men too wise
To trust save in themselves and what their wits devise.

XV.

There, by these fancies and our sad time led,
Musing, I often to myself have said :
With all their wonder and their wealth untold,
These new days, are they better than the old ?
These godless days, wherein man's boastful creed
Is Man—his worship and religion, Greed—
Better than those
When at such shrines he found hope, comfort, and repose ?

XVI.

They who the Christian's Heaven of angels fair
 Have striven their best to prove but empty air,
 What would they offer in its stead, save odds
 And ends of pagan or their self-made gods,
 Sham cast and copy of strange idols, bust
 And bird and beast, long ages done to dust,
And images,
 Fashion'd in their own likeness, still more grim than these!

XVII.

Yea, is it better in these days that dawn,
 Startling of fires, upon the earth forlorn,
 Perplex'd of nations noising impious oaths
 'Gainst Heaven and all of good that evil loathes,
 And working dreadful deeds without a name,
 Harvest abundant in due course that came,—
As now they find
 Who are the whirlwind reaping, having sown the wind!

XVIII.

Alas! and will the days no more return
 Of simple faith, nor men the lore unlearn
 Of worldly wisdom? in those consequent
 Ruin'd memorials of an ardour spent
 Dwells there some sacred fire, that, smouldering still,
 Shall kindle into flame, and work God's will,
That man may cease
 To strive against His love, and, bless'd, all hearts have
 peace?

ROBERT STEGGALL.

The Beatific Vision of God.

THE word vision, in its primary meaning, signifies perception through the sense of sight, but in a derived sense it signifies also intellectual knowledge, and means the same as understanding.

As the vision of sense is an immediate and clear perception of an object which is visible in itself, so also mental vision is an immediate and clear understanding of an object in itself.

To distinguish this vision from *mediate* knowledge, or knowledge by means either of reason or of faith, it is called *intuitive* vision.

Now two truths are contained in the Divine revelation with regard to man's vision of his Maker, first—that in this life God cannot be seen by man by immediate and intuitive vision, but is absolutely invisible to the created understanding, and is visible to Himself alone; and secondly—that this intuitive vision is possessed by the Angels and is promised to men in the life eternal, and that as the reward and crown of the merits of grace. In other words, it is revealed that God is in Himself invisible to the natural powers of the creature, but that the creature can be, and has been raised by a grace to the intuitive vision of God its Creator, in which its perfect supernatural beatitude or blessedness, and its ultimate supernatural end consists.

This vision or understanding, as it is an operation of a created mind which, however high it may be raised, remains created, must also remain finite, while its object, as an infinite being, remains always infinitely knowable. Hence the vision of God admits of indefinite degrees of perfection in the creature, and it can never in the creature be adequate or correspond to the whole infinite knowableness of the object. This we mean when we say that *comprehension* of God is possible and proper to an infinite understanding alone. God alone can comprehend God, that is, adequately understand Himself, or know Himself in all His knowableness.

There are, therefore, four distinct orders of vision, each of which is wholly diverse from the others :

1. the vision of *sense*, or of the bodily eye.
2. the *intellectual* vision of God which is *mediate*, or by means of the things which are made.
3. the *intuitive* vision of God.
4. the *comprehensive* vision of God.

The first cannot have God for its object. It is impossible that He should be seen by the eye of the body.

The second, and it alone, is possible in the *natural* order.

The third is bestowed on the creature in the supernatural order.

The fourth is proper to God alone.

That God is invisible to the bodily eye is a truth not only of revelation but of reason, and taught by philosophy as it is by theology. He, as He is a pure spirit, is not an object proportioned to the perception of the senses, and a corporeal sense cannot be raised to the level of an operation which is intrinsically intellectual, such as the vision of a pure spirit, for then it would be no longer corporeal, but spiritual.

Every knowledge which is *natural* is, as such and from the very nature of the natural, a knowledge proportioned not to the nature of the thing known, but to the nature of him who knows it. There can be no kind of natural knowledge which transcends the perfection of the nature of him who knows, for what means *natural* save proportioned to the nature in question. It is an axiom that the mode of action always follows the mode of being ; and again, that everything known is in him who knows it according to the mode of his being. Every understanding, therefore, whatever it may understand by a faculty of its nature, understands it in accordance with the mode of being which is proper to that understanding. Hence the understanding conceives objects of an inferior order in a manner more noble than that in which they themselves exist ; while things of a higher order it accommodates to the mode of its own nature. God, in a manner infinitely perfect, understands all things in His Essence as in their exemplary cause. The Angels have a natural knowledge of all things in accordance with the analogy of their own essence. The human soul, so long as it exists in a natural body, has material being as the proper and proportionate object of its knowledge, and from this it ascends to a knowledge of spiritual things, which it cannot naturally know

as they are in themselves, but only by analogy with the proportionate object of its own knowledge.

God, in the whole idea and manner of His Infinite Being, transcends all created things, so that they are wholly in another order, and are only analogous shadows of the Divine Essence. No created understanding, therefore, so long as its knowledge is in proportion to its nature, can conceive God as He is in Himself, nor can He be to it an immediate object of intuition. A created understanding takes knowledge in accordance with the mode of its own being, and not in accordance with the mode of His Being. When that most simple Being is in Itself the object of intuition, It is necessarily known as It is in itself. This is true generally of every knowable thing which is known in itself and not through another thing. Now every understanding, when naturally knowing, has its own object, which is in proportion with itself, and through this object, or after the analogy of it, it knows all other things. The Divine Understanding alone, therefore, has the Divine Essence as an object in proportion with It, and so, as an immediate object of intuition to every created understanding, the object proportioned to it, and so the immediate object of its intuition, is, and must be, something created. Hence it is only according to analogy with that object, and therefore by mediate knowledge, that it can understand God.

The Divine Revelation teaches that God Himself is the Object by participation, communication, and enjoyment of which, all His saints live the life of blessedness, reign, are glorified, rejoice with the joy of the Lord, and are filled and saturated with the fulness of good things, and that for ever. The same revelation which manifests and promises to man this life eternal, declares that the mode of apprehension and possession and enjoyment of God as the object of beatitude is by the intuitive vision of Him as He is in Himself.

St. Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, compares this intuitive vision not only with natural knowledge but also with the knowledge of faith, such as can be had in this present life. This, he says, shall be destroyed. It will be destroyed not by privation of any perfection which it possesses, but by elevation to perfect knowledge in another and higher order. He maintains these things with regard to the knowledge of the present time, and even to supernatural knowledge, and how-ever perfect. It is, in the first place, knowledge "through a

glass," a mirror; that is, it is not an immediate knowledge of things in themselves, but a mediate knowledge by means of other things. The whole of our knowledge of Divine things is "through a glass," and by this glass we are to understand the creatures of whom we have previous knowledge, and through a knowledge of whom we ascend to and arrive at a knowledge of God. Secondly, our present knowledge of Divine things is therefore as "in an enigma," or in an obscure manner, that is, it is analogous through the similitudes of creatures, and not a knowledge of those things as they are in themselves. Thirdly, our present knowledge is therefore "in part" only, that is, it is imperfect.

With these imperfections he contrasts the perfection of the vision of God which is promised to us in the life to come. With mediate and analogous knowledge he contrasts the vision "face to face," that is, the intuitive or immediate vision of God as He is in Himself. As the mediate and analogous knowledge of the present life, as the knowledge through a glass and in an enigma, is necessarily in part or imperfect, so the vision face to face which is contrasted with it as that by which we shall know even as we are known is necessarily perfect, as being the intuitive or immediate vision of God as He is in Himself.

In his Second Epistle to the same Corinthians he contrasts our present absence from the Lord with our future presence with the Lord, and our present walking by faith with our future vision.

Jesus Christ also speaks of the blessedness of the pure of heart because they shall *see God*, and He represents the Angels in Heaven as always *seeing the Face* of His Father.

The intuitive vision of God by the Blessed in Heaven is a doctrine not only enshrined in the Sacred Scriptures, but also explicitly defined by the Church of God. Benedict the Twelfth defined that all the Blessed since the Death of Jesus Christ have seen and see the Divine Essence by intuitive vision, and face to face, and without the intervention of any creature. As an object of vision, the Divine Essence manifests Itself to them immediately, nakedly, clearly, and openly, and that they so seeing enjoy the same Divine Essence, and that in virtue of this vision and enjoyment they are truly Blessed, and have eternal life and repose.

Since the intuitive vision of God is wholly supernatural, inasmuch as it transcends the nature and natural powers of

every created understanding, a supernatural aid is necessary by which the created understanding should be raised to this Beatific Vision. This supernatural aid is called the *Light of Glory*, and it is a permanent gift of God, by which the understanding is informed and thus supernaturally assimilated to the Divine Understanding in order to this immediate Beatific Vision of God.

As understanding, especially the clear and immediate understanding of an intelligible object is called *vision*, by a name derived from the vision of sense, which of all perceptions of the senses has the greatest analogy with mental perception or understanding, so also by derivation from the order of sense, that is called *light* which is the cause of intellectual vision.

The perfection of the rational creature is threefold. There is the perfection of *nature*, the perfection of *grace*, and the perfection of *glory*. To each of these three states of perfection there corresponds its own distinct knowledge; and to this knowledge an intellectual light is necessarily proportioned. There is, therefore, a threefold intellectual light. There is the *natural light of reason*, the light of *grace* now, and the light of *glory* hereafter. The Author and Source of this threefold light in the created understanding is the One God—*Sol intelligibilium*—but He is the Author of each under a different aspect in accordance with the Divine character of each, namely, as *Creator* in the order of nature, as *Sanctifier* in the order of grace, and as *Consummator* and *Beatifier* in the order of glory.

Now, from our knowledge of the order of grace which is a beginning and preparation for, a pledge and earnest in the present of that order of glory which is the consummation in the future, we can arrive at a clearer knowledge and understanding of the latter. We are in this life renewed in the spirit of our minds by the justice which is inherent in and cleaves to us, and we receive, as infused or shed into us, the permanent virtues of faith, hope, and charity, to which supernatural acts correspond; for in order that supernatural acts may be done, as it were, connaturally, they require an agent who has been supernaturally raised above the level of his nature by means of habitual gifts. The habit of faith demands in the present, in order to its existence and exercise, a habitual gift. But when the knowledge in part which is in faith is done away, and that which is perfect has come, and when for faith there is substituted vision face to face, this supernatural and most sublime of all acts, the Beatific

Vision, supposes supernatural forces in the understanding corresponding to that act, and this no less, nay more, than the act of faith supposes infused habitual faith. The gift by which the forces of the understanding are so raised above the natural level, is and is called—the Light of Glory.

All understanding, and therefore this intuitive vision, is an immanent act of the mind itself which sees, and so is produced by, and continually depends on the mind, and informs it. Vision is a *vital act* in the living mind, and every vital act is necessarily produced by, and intrinsically proceeds from, the living agent. The Blessed, therefore, by their own vital act, see God, and by this their own act are beatified.

The rational mind as an image of God has even by nature an imperfect and inchoate power of the knowledge of God, and this power is by means of a superadded supernatural force of understanding which transcends every natural force, so raised or completed and perfect, that the mind, informed by it after the manner of a habit, can clearly and perfectly behold God as He is in Himself. Hence this virtue, superadded to the understanding, is a supernatural assimilation of the created mind to the Divine Understanding in the mode of knowing the Divine Essence, and so is a supreme participation of that infinite light whereby God sees Himself. And thus in His light shall we see light, and we shall be like Him when we see Him as He is.

But what do the saints in glory now see, and what do we hope one day to see in virtue of the Beatific Vision? They, seeing God as He is, necessarily behold both all the absolute perfections of God, and the three Divine Persons. They behold also, among things distinct from God, all those things in which we now believe. The object of faith now will be the object of vision then. Other things will be seen by them in God according as the state and degree of each in the heavenly hierarchy individually demands.

We form our present notions of perfections, such as understanding, will, wisdom, goodness, holiness, justice, and the like, from creatures, and in accordance with those notions we understand analogously what God is. We therefore distinguish in God Divine perfections, not indeed judging them to be distinct in God Himself, but conceiving one without express conception of another. To these our notions there corresponds one most simple Divine Being, which is in reality at once infinite understanding, infinite will, infinite wisdom, infinite goodness, infinite

holiness, infinite justice, and so on. Each of these perfections is in God all perfection, and is God Himself, because each and all are identified with His Infinite Being. Hence to behold this Divine Being as It is in Itself is to behold It as It is in all and every absolute perfection. It would be a contradiction in terms to say or suppose that God is seen as He is in Himself, and that at the same time any perfection whatsoever in Him is not seen.

So also as regards the intuitive vision of the three Divine Persons, for the Divine Essence as It is in Itself is the Father begetting, is the Son being begotten, and is the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son. If those Three Persons were not seen, the Divine Essence would not be seen as It is in Itself.

As regards the vision of things in God which are outside God and not God, the exaltation of the understanding through the supernatural illumination which is called the light of glory, avails to a perfect understanding and penetration of such things and truths as far as it becomes those who behold intuitively the Infinite Divine Essence, and so far as the state of each demands it, for all, while differing one from another like the stars in their diverse glories, are yet blessed in that they attain to their Last End.

All the mysteries and truths of revelation, the whole economy of the supernatural order, and whatever belongs to the object of faith now, will then be the object of intuition and understanding without a veil. To faith in these things, as to a beginning, will succeed the vision of them, as its perfection. These things of faith which are outside God, belong to the *secondary* object of vision, as the truths of faith which have been immediately revealed to us concerning God Himself, belong to the *primary* or principal object of Beatific Vision. The Incarnation of the Word, the way in which God is truly Man, the exaltation of our nature in the Word, the redemption of the human race through the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb, the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ, founded by Him, and nourished and fostered by Him as His Spouse, and perpetually preserved, governed, and assisted by the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the gifts of graces, the sacraments, and the virtue of the sacraments derived to them from God the Sanctifyer and from the merits of Jesus Christ, the Sacrifice and Sacrament of the Eucharist—all these, and other mysteries revealed to us in the Word of God for our belief, are patent in themselves and by spiritual vision without a veil to the Blessed, and will be so patent to us when in place

of the "light now shining in a dark place," the "day dawns, and the morning star arises in our hearts."

The saints in their beatific vision behold God in Himself (although in manifold diverse degrees of intensity and clearness) as the *exemplary cause* of all things that are, or that can be a shadow or participation of Him "Who is"—as the universal *efficient* and *preserving cause* from which all existences necessarily depend not only for their production, but for perseverance in their being, as the light of the sun depends from the sun—as the *final cause* towards which all things are of necessity of their nature ordained; for "from Him and through Him and in Him are all things."

The Blessed behold the whole created universe, its magnitude, order, and beauty, and the species and essences of things, so far as is necessary for their perfectly beholding in the whole universe the glory of God, or their seeing shining forth in the things which are made, the essence, power, goodness, wisdom, and beauty of God, the exemplary, efficient, preserving, and final cause of all things; and so they see also in the Divine Essence the Divine ideas according to which all these things were made.

All the Blessed, both angels and human souls, belong to the heavenly hierarchy, and each of them in his own degree. They are all of them citizens of the Heavenly Jerusalem, which is our mother; and all in their manifold variety are members of the Church which, in its threefold division, as triumphant, as being purified, and as militant, is that *Communion of Saints* in which we profess our belief. To the Church yet militant now on earth it is said: "You have come to the Mount Sion, and to the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to a company of many thousands of angels, and to the Church of the First-born who are written in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect; and you are no more strangers and foreigners, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." Each one of the Blessed has therefore, according to the different state and degree in which he is established in the Kingdom of Heaven, a different order in the Communion of Saints and different relations towards the whole Church. The perfection of consummated spirits demands that each of them should, in a manner becoming the light of glory, intellectually see all things which belong to his own state. Each, therefore, beholds, in the first place, the whole of the Heavenly Jerusalem, all the orders of men and

angels, their number, their merits, their dignity, and their glory, for it is meet that they should have knowledge of their city and their Father's house, of their brethren and their fellow-citizens. But as to what is being transacted in the Church, whether in Purgatory or on earth, and what is occurring in the human race, especially as regards the supernatural order of grace, each has knowledge of those things which belong to his ministries, in accordance with the various states and orders in which each is established in the heavenly hierarchy and Communion of Saints. Hence the worship and supplications directed to the saints are known to them not only by special revelation of God, but this knowledge it becomes them to have, and it is connected with the perfection of their state in the Communion of Saints.

The souls of the Blessed which have passed from their pilgrimage here on earth to their home in Heaven, do not lose their knowledge of human affairs, or their relations with human beings, but that only which was imperfect is done away, and raised to the level of the perfect. As their dead bodies in their graves have an ordination towards their future life and glory in Heaven, so much more do the souls living in glory retain their special relations to human affairs, and that with a perfection which becomes the perfection of their charity towards God and towards men to be sanctified and saved by God. Each has therefore, in accordance with his individual position and state, not only knowledge of human persons and affairs, but a special care.

But with all this clearness and perception of intuitive vision, it yet remains true that God is *incomprehensible* to every created understanding whatsoever, and whatever the height to which it may be supernaturally raised.

The Beatific Vision admits of an indefinite number of degrees, so that always a more perfect and a yet more perfect degree remains possible, even as it has actually its diverse degrees of perfection corresponding to the diverse degrees of charity in the Blessed individually. God, the infinite object of vision is infinitely knowable, and that vision of God is the more perfect by which He, the infinite object of vision, is more intensely and perfectly seen. The highest degree of vision, or a degree beyond which a higher is not possible, is impossible to the creature, for the highest vision is infinite as the object of vision is infinite and so infinitely knowable. Such vision is proper to God alone, and is as incommunicable to the creature as is the Divine Essence Itself. Now this vision, which *adequately* corresponds to the knowableness of the object, is what

is properly and in the strict sense called *comprehensive vision*. This incomprehensibility is a real Divine attribute, and it follows from the infinity of God. He, the infinitely knowable, cannot be known as far as He is knowable by any finite understanding, and can be so known only by an infinite understanding, and so by His own Divine Understanding alone. When *comprehension of God*, then, is denied as impossible to the creature, we mean by it such an adequate knowledge of God as is commensurate with the infinite knowableness of God, or which, in other words, exhausts that knowableness.

There is a human soul which sees God more perfectly and with greater clearness of intuitive vision than does any other human soul, or any other created intelligence. It is the Soul of Its Creator, and yet It remains a created Soul. It was assumed by, It is possessed by, and belongs to, and subsists in an uncreated, an infinite, a Divine Person. Yet It remains and It must ever remain as finite as the finite Body which It quickens. The eye of that glorious Body, endowed with the choicest gifts of the Resurrection, and raised, not beyond the level of the material, but to the summit of that perfection of which the material is capable, and which is compatible with the living reality of material being, can never behold the invisible God, and gaze on the unveiled face of Him Who is a Spirit. So also is it with the Soul which informs that Body and gives It human life, and which, together with that Body, and both subsisting in that Divine Person Who is the Son of God, constitutes that Son of Man, that Son of Mary, the Man Jesus Christ, Whom men and angels and Mary, their created Empress, alike adore as they adore His Divine Majesty. That Soul, while It sees Him Who is invisible, and beholds Him by intuitive immediate vision, face to face and without a veil, is still incapable of comprehending the Incomprehensible, just as is the least and lowest creature that exists within the realm of God. In the Land of the Living, as in the Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, amid the blinding brightness of the Beatific Vision, as in the lowest deeps of the abasement which He fathomed, the One Mediator of God and men, the Man Jesus Christ remains what He became, "in all things like unto His brethren, and as our Elder Brother, the Firstborn in the human family of God. He is subject to our Common Father, "that God may be all in all."

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

Chalices and their Materials.

DRINKING-VESSELS have always been held in honour. The use of them is one of the marks whereby man is distinguished from the brute creation, for while the lower animals stoop their heads to the ground when they quench their thirst, he alone drinks from a vessel which he holds to his lips. However primitive the nature of these vessels, not even the most degraded and uncivilized tribes are without them; a hollowed gourd, a calabash, a shell, forms the cup of the savage. In early stages of civilization, vessels were manufactured of a rough kind of earthenware, or of molten ore; later on, bowls and goblets were made of the precious metals. The Norsemen of old drank from horns, often finished and adorned with gold and silver. At banquets in olden time the "foaming bowl" cheered the convivial board, and the brimming goblet, crowned with generous wine from the monarch's table, formed the mead of the warrior's exploit or the minstrel's lay, just as now a cup forms a usual prize on the race-course or the river. A well-filled cup was amongst the Jews an emblem of earthly prosperity, the cup-bearer's office was one of great importance, and drinking vessels were sometimes employed in occult arts. The silver cup used by Joseph, which Benjamin was supposed to have stolen, was believed to possess additional value on this account: "In it my lord is wont to divine." It is mentioned as something noteworthy that all the vessels out of which King Solomon drank were of gold, the most precious vessels being ordinarily reserved for religious uses. It is true that, amongst the booty taken by the Israelites under Josue's leadership, were vessels of brass and iron, which were carefully set aside for the service of the temple, but later on we read, in the Book of the Machabees, of certain vessels of gold that Menelaus, the brother of Jason, stole from the Temple. Among the Greeks, too, although at their festive banquets

In solid gold the purple vintage flowed,

we read that special care was bestowed in fashioning

A goblet of capacious mould,
Figured with art to dignify the gold,
Formed for libations to the gods.

About the time of the birth of Christ drinking vessels of the most varied kinds were in use among both eastern and western nations. Earthenware, stone, horn, bronze, wood, gold, and silver, were ordinary materials. The invention of glass being very recent, vessels formed of it were considered as articles of the highest luxury. The first mention of them as used by the Romans occurs about A.D. 80. By that time the manufacture of glass, which was at first limited to a few places, the Isle of Lesbos and the land of Egypt, had been introduced into Italy, and glass vessels consequently became much cheaper and their use more frequent, in fact, they found such favour among all classes, on account of their cleanliness and freedom from rust, that they almost superseded cups of other material for use at table, except those of silver and gold, which were naturally found only in the houses of the wealthy minority.

Although nothing positive is known on this point, yet a strong probability points to glass as the material of the chalices used by the early Christians in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. That the paten was customarily of glass is known from the fact that Pope Zephyrinus (A.D. 202—219) ordained that the deacon should carry the paten of glass before the priest. *Ut ministri patenas vitreas ante sacerdotes in ecclesiam portarent.* And if the paten was of glass, how much more the chalice, since this material was at all times more frequently employed for cups than for plates. Another testimony is afforded by the record made by Irenæus of a (fictitious) miracle performed by a certain Gnostic, who, having poured white wine into a chalice, turned it, as was alleged, by his prayers, before the eyes of all the people, into wine of a red colour, as if mingled with the Blood of the Lord. Had not the chalice been of glass, the transmutation would only have been seen by the immediate bystanders. St. Jerome confirms the opinion that as late as A.D. 400 glass chalices were ordinarily used, since in one of his epistles (4 *ad Rusticum*) he writes: *Nihil illo ditius qui sanguinem Christi portat in vitro.* Again, Gregory the Great speaks of an incident which occurred at Arezzo in the reign of Julian the Apostate, when, on a sacred chalice being broken to pieces by the barbarians, the Bishop Donatus restored it to a perfect condition

by his prayers. This chalice we may safely conclude to have been a glass one, on account of its brittle character, or to have been made of some material akin to glass, such as the white earthenware of which the chalice preserved in the Church of St. Anastasius in Rome, and supposed to date back as far as the fourth century, is formed.

In opposition to this opinion that the chalices of the early Christians were of glass, the authority of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, is quoted, who, on being asked whether it were permissible to use wooden vessels on the altar, is reported to have said: "Formerly the priests were of gold and the chalices of wood, now the priests are of wood and the chalices of gold." Not much historical value, however, attaches to this saying; it is doubtful whether he ever uttered the words at all, and at any rate they savour more of a pointed reproof than a deliberate assertion. Besides it is hardly to be credited that veneration for the Holy Mysteries would allow of so worthless a material being employed in the highest act of Christian worship, apart from the fact that a porous substance like wood is most unsuited to receive the Consecrated Elements, since even a cup made of the hardest kind of wood will absorb some portion of the liquid it contains.

But be this as it may, there is no doubt that, owing to the poverty of the early Christians, the chalices in use were but rarely fashioned of precious metals chased with elaborate skill, or studded with priceless gems, unless indeed, when the valuables of a wealthy patrician convert were sold for the benefit of the poor, some vessels were retained for the use of the altar. Later on the richer churches were, as might naturally be supposed, provided with chalices more in keeping with the lofty uses to which they were put. St. Augustine speaks of the discovery of some gold and silver chalices concealed in the crypt of one of the African churches. St. Ambrose mentions that the *vasa mystica* of the church in Milan were sold to pay the ransom of some Christian captives; this proves the sacred vessels to have been of considerable value. And on the confiscation of the Church property in Antioch, the Prefect Julian, uncle to the Apostate, is said by Theodoret to have exclaimed: "See what costly vessels are used in the 'worship' of the Son of Mary!" Again, when the Emperor of the West sent an embassy to Pope Nicholas the First in 857, to propitiate his favour in behalf of the Patriarch Photius, amongst other precious and beautiful

gifts he presented to him a chalice of great value and cunning workmanship, described as being wrought of pure gold, and ornamented with pendant jacinths and other rare jewels.

Before it became customary to adorn the chalices with filagree work and precious stones, we are told that they frequently had representations of our Lord as the Good Shepherd, and other religious subjects, engraved or painted upon them. This was especially the case with glass chalices. Tertullian, when blaming the discipline of the Church for re-admitting transgressors to her communion, urges that the Good Shepherd portrayed upon the chalice is bringing a lost sheep, *i.e.*, a heathen, to the fold, not a wilful wanderer.

As glass gradually fell into disuse, it was considered advisable that all the vessels of the altar should, if possible, be made of gold or silver, and the use of inferior metals or of horn (of which chalices were in some instances made) was discouraged, if not interdicted by ecclesiastical authority. Many decrees of local synods and councils in England, France, and Spain, from the eighth to the thirteenth century, may be quoted, which ordained that nothing inferior to silver should be used for the paten and chalice. On account of the extreme poverty of some churches, however, it was found necessary to tolerate the use of pewter or zinc, these substances being preferred to copper or brass on account of the verdigris which was produced by the wine on the latter, and was liable to occasion nausea in the priest on his consuming the elements. Gratian speaks of a Council of Rheims—to which, however, he assigns no date—which lays down the law most explicitly on this point: "*Ut calix Domini cum patena, si non ex auro, omnino ex argento fiat. Si quis autem tam pauper est, saltem vel stanneum calicem habeat. De aere aut orichalco non fiat calix, quia ob vini virtutem æruginem parit, quæ vomitum provocat. Nullus autem in ligneo aut vitreo calice præsumat missam cantare.*"

Ivory was another material sometimes employed in the manufacture of vessels for the altar, though it never seems to have been in favour for this purpose. Some of the ivory chalices were beautiful works of art, being adorned with exquisite bas-reliefs, or delicate tracery carved on them with consummate skill. They were disapproved of by the synods of the middle ages, though the use of ciboriums of this material was not objected to. According to Gratian, the Congregation

of Rites, no later than 1588, expressly prohibits them, declaring that the vessels in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved should be made of silver and gilded on the inside. Sometimes the sacred vessels were made of precious stones, agate, onyx, or jasper; of these some rare and costly specimens are still to be found in old churches and collections of valuable antiquities. There is a chalice at Valencia, in Spain, which purports to be the one used at the Lord's Supper: it is made of agate. The ecclesiastical annals of France record that a paten and chalice of onyx were presented to the church at Laon by Charles the Bald, grandson to Charlemagne. Hefele states that he saw an elegant little ciborium of jasper in a church near Mergentheim in Germany, which dates from the time of the Renaissance.

In respect to the cup used by our Blessed Lord at the institution of the Holy Eucharist, on which the interest of the Christian naturally centres, nothing definite can be known, as all traces of this sacred relic appears to have been lost. The traditional belief is that it was a large silver vessel with two handles, and the Venerable Bede speaks of a vessel answering these descriptions existing in Jerusalem in the seventh century, and which was stated to be the cup consecrated by our Saviour Himself. Ancient writers, however, know nothing of this chalice, and its claims to authenticity seem to be no better founded than the pretensions of the chalices preserved, one at Valencia, already referred to, and the other at Genoa, which are rival claimants to the honour of being the identical cup used in the Cenacle. The former is of agate, and the latter, which was brought from Cesarea in the time of the Crusades, and carefully guarded in the Cathedral, has been proved by recent examination to consist of paste, whereas formerly it was imagined to be cut of an emerald of prodigious size and inestimable value. This presumed relic used to be exposed yearly for the veneration of the faithful, and the key of the chest wherein it was kept was confided to the guardianship of the Doge. Hefele, in his essay on the archæology of the chalice, from which many of the facts here brought before the notice of the reader are taken, states that some twenty years ago he endeavoured to obtain sight of this singular cup, but so many tedious formalities had to be gone through before permission could be obtained, if obtained at all, that he renounced his design. He expresses his conviction that all traces of the

real cup taken into the hands of Him who was at once the Giver and the Gift, are completely lost. Sister Emmerich, in her Revelations respecting the Dolorous Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, describes the chalice as of two parts joined together—the *cup*, which was made of some unknown material, pear-shaped, massive, dark-coloured, and highly-polished, with gold ornaments, and two small handles by which it could be lifted, and the *foot*, which was of virgin gold, elaborately worked, ornamented with a serpent and a small bunch of grapes, and enriched with precious stones. The foot belonged to a later period than the cup. According to her account, the cup had been handed down from the days of the patriarchs, and for a long time had been preserved in the Temple. But we can scarcely treat her account as historical evidence, and if we accept it as exact, it gives us no definite information as to the material of the chalice, so that the curiosity of Christians to know the nature of the vessels in which Christ gave His Sacred Body and Blood to be received by His disciples must remain unsatisfied. The well-known legend of the Sangrail, supposed to be the chalice in question, in the vain quest of which many chivalrous knights are said to have spent their lives, seems to point in the same direction.

Agricultural Belgium.

[We insert this article because we think that it will be interesting to our readers to hear the arguments of a Catholic Irish landlord on the land question. At the same time *THE MONTH* does not in any way identify itself with the opinions expressed in Col. Chichester's article, but simply puts them forward on account of the ability and high reputation of the author. Ed. of *THE MONTH*.]

It is much to be regretted, that the mass of those who desire changes in our land laws, have at best but a theoretical knowledge of the matter concerning which they express so much anxiety. Reading their speeches and writings, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that their object in seeking a change is political, and that the enriching of the nation by better cultivation is a very secondary consideration. Nevertheless they never fail to urge, that what stimulates their zeal is the advancement of agriculture, and the advantage of the tenant, if not also the owner of the soil, hampered and trammelled as he is by laws of settlement, &c.

It is not denied that, in spite of every theoretic disadvantage, England takes admittedly the second, if not the first, rank amongst the nations for successful development of agricultural wealth; and any theorist who was prudent (which, indeed, theorists never are), considering how very generally theory disappoints, would, under the circumstances, think it well to let men having a practical knowledge of the capabilities of land, landlords and tenants, continue to develop according to the change of times and the growth of their self-learned and inherited experience. It cannot be said that the tenants are at the mercy of the landlords. For the last three years, throughout the greater part of England, the turn of the market is entirely in their favour, and they can practically dictate their own terms. This being so, those who are urgent for reform find some little difficulty in persuading tenants of their wrongs.

The number of living witnesses] who can be brought into

court to support the case of the reformer, is not so large as might be desired. Mr. Stuart Mill, Mr. Kay, Mr. Arnold, only speak the louder, and they fall back on a witness who is sometimes brought forward to speak in favour of a peasant propriety, and sometimes to speak in favour of the large farm system, according to the requirement of the writer or speaker who calls him into court. There is no doubt that old Arthur Young is a trusty, undeniable, and most valuable witness, if his evidence was not, as it usually is, split up, but was taken in its entirety.

What reformers usually desire to prove, when the line they are running on is the necessity of stimulating agriculture, and of protecting the tenant from oppression, is that the small farm propriety system is *per se* the best; that the highest development of agricultural wealth requires that the tiller of the soil should be protected otherwise than he is from arbitrary exactions, and from the confiscation of the property he puts into the soil in the shape of improvements. In short, that the tiller of the soil, when not farming his own land, requires protection; and that in his case the ordinary system of non-interference, which political economy recommends, should be suspended. Another step in advance leads us to fixity of tenure, at what is called fair rents; and yet another, to which the previous step necessarily leads, constitutes the tenant a virtual proprietor at a fixed rent, having the benefit of what is called the "unearned increment," converting the erstwhile landlord into a rent charger, without power of interference.

This, however, is not the last step, because the position of a rent charger without power of interference, that is, without duties to perform, is obviously a trammel, and no long time could elapse before, in the interest of all, it would be found necessary to force the rent charger to accept a sum of money supposed to represent the value of his interest, and close his connection with the ancestral broad acres. Furthermore, as the displacement of so enormous a capital sum would create confusion, the *salus populi* would oblige the supposed value to be set at a very low figure. In processes of this sort, any moral difficulty which may interfere in the beginning, becomes less and less at every successive step. Morals dissolve sometimes in combination with a very mild solvent.

There is no doubt that, once begun, the reform would continue, and take the successive steps I have pointed out;

and as each step would confer an additional benefit on the tenant class, that class, relying blindly on the morality of the reformers, would cheerfully acquiesce and contentedly follow. But the change of ownership having been at length effected, there would remain and reappear the old difficulty, that in England the yeoman class has in its own interest disappeared, and become merged in the tenant class. It is true that the reforms would have largely destroyed the capital value of land, and made its acquisition in considerable parcels undesirable: still, the immense importance to the owner of being able to sell, the discovery that a certain land policy kept his property at an unnatural and low level, would stimulate all those having an interest in the matter to reproduce the old order of things; and reform in a direction exactly opposite to that in which the late reform had moved would be set up. There would then be a struggle between the numerous holders of land, who by their numbers would have much weight, and the mere middle class politician, to whom the existence of land is and alway will be a bugbear.

Meanwhile he points to the small proprietary system, and the contentment it seems to create in France, Switzerland, Belgium, &c., invigorates our minds with references to the pourpian land reforms of Etein and Hardenberg, and reminds us of certain glowing sentences of Arthur Young. My studies of France and Belgium in particular, and some general reading of other countries, have led me to conclude that our reformers have taken a superficial view of the phenomena which they saw, or thought they saw, in these countries, and have very much deceived themselves and entirely mis-read the book spread out before them.

The object of this paper is to submit, in the case of Belgium, the evidence on which I have arrived at such conclusions. During the course of these pages I shall advert from time to time to the case of Ireland, and compare the two peoples and the circumstances which appear to me to affect the problem in either country. According as the nature of the two peoples, and the local circumstances agree or differ, so must we expect that the small proprietary system which, after the model of Belgium, we are endeavouring to establish in Ireland, will lead to comfort and wealth, or to further complication.

But before proceeding any further, let me say that I desire to express no opinion as to the entangling political and social

questions which surround the agricultural view of the matter, with which alone I desire to deal.

The breaking up of large landed properties may be good or it may be bad ;

The dividing of them amongst numerous small holders may be good or it may be bad ; and, if good, some device may be found for preventing the small owners from getting rid of the fee simple and constituting themselves as tenants, as they have obstinately persisted in doing for the last one hundred years.

With these questions I am not going to trouble the reader. I desire merely to point out the advantages and disadvantages to the small farmer of changing our present system of landlord and tenant, according to the light thrown upon it from a survey of agricultural conditions in Belgium.

Neither is there any necessity for my stepping off my humble platform, to get up on a higher one. Our reformers, so at least they say, are content to rest their case on its purely agricultural merits.

There are probably few countries the study of which is so interesting to an Englishman as little Belgium. There is in that country the same intelligent and skilful use of land which we are accustomed to see at home. There is that sturdy self-reliance, that instinct of association, that readiness to sink self in the pursuit of common interests, which in the two countries, and perhaps only there, and to their full extent, have made self-government and individual liberty working every-day realities. It is a country which, almost as far back as we can trace, has been pre-eminent in love of agriculture, and consequently in agricultural skill and success. Hence it may be concluded, that the laws and customs which in Belgium have guided the use of land cannot be in themselves prejudicial to the development of agricultural industry. And I think it may be inferred, that if in other countries, where similar laws and customs prevail or have prevailed, we see agriculture suffering, the suffering must proceed from other causes than the laws and customs which are common to them and to Belgium.

The importance of this inference will make itself felt as we proceed.

The first fact to which I wish to draw attention is the early period at which this people manifested its instinctive power of self-help, and how this spirit has continued down to the present day.

Thus, in the time of Louis le Débonnaire, who lived in the first half of the ninth century, "the villeins were forbidden to join in guilds, for the purpose of repulsing robbers, nor were they allowed to appear in arms in the palace of their Count." Also, later on, "a rescript of Charles the Bald, in 854, informs us that the Flemings were in the habit, according to a *then ancient* custom, of combining together for the purpose of reclaiming marsh lands."¹ And in our own times, "the spirit of association natural to the race creates in every centre societies of all sorts, having for objects utility or amusement. Visiting small villages, one may well be astonished at hearing selections from new operas, executed by musicians whose callous fingers daily handle the spade or the plane. . . . All these associations have their days of meeting, their elections, their assessments, and their little budgets. They constitute organizations, in which a strongly marked *esprit de corps* is perpetuated."

Here I call attention to one of the many points of difference which exist, and have always existed, between Flanders and the Flemings on the one side, Ireland and the Irish on the other—differences, a consideration of which may be calculated, and perhaps wisely so, to discourage those who would hope, by transplanting customs of the former to the soil of the latter, to make peace and plenty reign where both are now wanting.

I cannot find on Irish soil, or in Irish history, any trace of those habitudes of which De Laveleye speaks. We read, indeed, that at one time Ireland was an emporium of learning, the University, in fact, of the north-western parts of Europe. The paucity and insignificance in Ireland of the architectural remains which date from before the Norman invasion, lead one to think that in such statements there must have been much exaggeration. Mental activity creates a facility for acquiring wealth and a desire for its enjoyment (not perhaps in the teachers but certainly in the mass of students), and a desire to add to the convenience and elegance of every-day life. It is difficult to understand a continuance of mental activity which does not architecturally seek some expression. It was so in Egypt, in Asia, in Greece, and throughout Europe, wherever and according as mental culture spread. Why not also in Ireland? Yet almost every remnant which dates from before Henry the Second is

¹ Laveleye, *Essai sur l'économie rurale de la Belgique*, p. 11. This work will be frequently quoted in these pages. When it is so quoted the reference will be given thus: L. p. 11.

mean and paltry. That Ireland was wasted over and over again by fire and sword is no sufficient explanation. We are not asked to believe that internal strife, or the enmity of the bandit invader, whether Dane or Anglo-Norman, was of so sentimentally deadly a character as to have caused the throwing down of the walls, the rooting out of the foundations, of the buildings they set fire to. But coming down to more modern times, when the connection with England began, and historic records slowly became more frequent and reliable, and tracing down to the present day, we cannot find any tendency in the Irish to bond together for mere social and peaceful objects, to be gained within the four corners of the law, except amongst persons of a certain social position and of considerable culture. Neither within the pale, under the Anglo-Normans, nor without the pale, under their native chiefs, do we find anything of the sort. Every voluntary association has, or if the association be extinct, has had, some political object in view—something to destroy, if haply there was anything to build up. From Cape Clear to Lough Foyle there is at the present moment hardly a public body, however called into being, in which the rival merits of Liberal or Conservative are not vigorously proclaimed, and actively preferred to real business. Unless this tendency is kept in check by some strong and accidental influence, it is everywhere the same. Even the bands of music are used more for defiance, or for the encouragement and display of party spirit, than for the cultivation of a pleasing art.

I am not complaining of this. I am not saying that it is right or wrong, or that, Ireland's history being what it is, things could have been otherwise. I am merely comparing Belgium with Ireland, considering wherein they agree, wherein they differ, so that we may judge what social or political transplants may suit the Irish soil. I limit myself to this remark, that whether the Irish forms of association are useful or necessary for the obtaining of needful reforms or for the fostering of patriotism, beyond all question they do not, as do the Belgian associations, tend directly to social improvement and the attainment of wealth or of agricultural excellence. Neither is there any reason to suppose that any such associations, if now created, would take a line which in past history they never did before. In Ireland, for some reason or other, every man prefers working for and by himself, and instead of the Belgian mutual confidence, the tendency in Ireland is to mutual distrust. The

•

Belgian associations require a president, to assist their deliberations and guide their independent activity; the Irish ones require a leader, who for the time being, and until he is displaced by some one else, must be something of a despot. Those who wish to understand Ireland and the Irish must understand, and keep always in view, this peculiarity of a remarkably intellectual and gifted people.

The next Belgian feature to which I wish to call attention is the remote period of time, speaking comparatively, at which we find the Flemish people carrying out a system of varied cropping on farms of limited size, engaged in small industries, carrying on an active foreign trade.

"The earliest historical records we possess reproduce the characteristics which mark the present agricultural system of Flanders. Together with corn, we read of crops of peas, of beans, of flax. The common lands having been divided, each share seems to have equalled in size the present farms on which one horse is kept. We find the women spinning thread, the men weaving woollen and linen cloths, which were exported to all the northern countries. Commerce led to the peopling and development of little towns, which ships could approach. Increase of population led to an increase of productive power, and we are surprised to see how far back can be traced a perfect system of cultivation."²

In Ireland during the three quarters of a century which ended with 1845, there was a very rapid and remarkable increase of population. The then evident promise of increase, which in 1775 (about) alarmed Arthur Young for the future when the population stood at a little over two and a half millions, eventuated in a population considerably exceeding eight millions in 1845. But this increase of population did not lead to improved cultivation. If more corn and potatoes were grown, it was simply that more land was broken up to tillage; and as the nature of the soil and climate of Ireland is such that grass brings in on the whole more money than tillage, the general result of the extension of tillage was rather to impoverish than to enrich the country. The Irish Legislature, under the mistaken idea that more could be supported by means of tillage than by means of grass, stimulated the cultivation of wheat. Young examined the result of this policy, going into some rather elaborate calculations, and he thus sums up: "The

² L. 12.

bounty on the inland carriage of corn to Dublin, by changing a beneficial pasturage to an execrable tillage, at a heavy expense to the country, has done much mischief to the kingdom, besides involving it in debt."³ There still are a great many persons who do not seem to understand that people cannot live upon raw corn; and that "not by bread alone does man live," has an application to things of this world, as well as of the next; and that what supports a people is the *income* derived from its capital, be that capital money or labour. That the tillage is now, what it was in Young's time, "execrable," appears from the fact that at this day it is made a plea for reducing rents, that the land is *worn out* with tillage. Nevertheless, tillage undoubtedly has improved in Ireland since Young's time, inferior and deplorable as it still is.

The fame of Flemish agriculturists was so widespread that they were imported as improvers into England, France, Saxony, Transylvania, and Southern Austria. In the time of Henry the Fourth of France, they drained and reclaimed a portion of Poitou, since called Lesser Flanders. They taught us, according to Laveleye,⁴ to dry lands below the sea-level, by means of embankments and windmill-pumps; and they gave us nearly all our vegetables. Wherever they went they took with them their system of leases, and the use of artificial grasses. At home they imported wheat, and exported milk, butter, and meat, during the middle ages. A condition of agricultural trade which speaks volumes for the practical nature of their agricultural system, and is another instance of the truth that it is not corn or tillage which supports an increasing population, but the turning the land to the most profitable commercial account. There they exported dear beef and imported cheap corn. Its early extension is proved by the following curious fact: "Often in the midst of forests which we believe are being cleared for cultivation for the first time, the spade grates on the ruins of ancient farms and of ruined mills, proving that in the middle ages agriculture had already conquered domains which at a less prosperous period it has had to abandon."⁵ This passage reminds me of one in an article by Mr. Wentworth Webster on small farms in the south of France in the *Fortnightly* for February, 1881: "Often, walking over waste land, I have caught my foot in old vine-stocks, showing where a vineyard formerly was, and where by inquiry I found that good wine was

³ Young's *Ireland*, ii. 370.⁴ P. 13.⁵ L. 17.

made when our armies passed in 1813-14." These extracts may console those who feel concern when they read of lands at home going out of cultivation.

Going back to the thirteenth century, we find a *métayare* system in full force for short terminable periods. Also alongside of them hereditary tenancies on similar conditions. Here for a moment I must digress again. Many persons have not hesitated, Young amongst them, to pass a sweeping censure upon the *métayare* system. The fact is, that there is no system of cultivation in existence which is always and everywhere bad; that is to say, always unsuitable to surrounding conditions. Lavergne points out that in some parts of France (if I remember right, in Poitou) *métayare* works excellently well; whilst in other parts it works very ill.

In the Flemish agreements of the thirteenth century we find the tenant held bound to repair, and to farm after a certain prescribed fashion, and to manure, lime, &c., to a regulated extent; clauses which would, in Ireland, be held to be oppressive, as would also be the Flemish landlord's old right of distraint. The regulated tariff for the feeding of the animal seized is to be found in the old archives of the Abbaye de St. Baron. It was a right which was deemed necessary for the protection of owners, whether monks or barons.

In the beginning of the eleventh century this same abbey "possessed two hundred residential farms (manses), which according to a regulation of Charles the Bald, were to contain each at least thirty-one acres." If that King had been spared, and deputed by Providence to rule Mayo, during the course of this century, the land question then would have been much simplified. In 1265, a certain Dame de Perez, let on *métayare* of half fruits, a farm of about twenty acres, to the convent of Milen, near St. Froud. "Everything proves that the cultivated lands were much subdivided at a very ancient date. Deeds of sale, of letting, of assignment, for the most part deal with small parcels of land."⁶ In these days, when it is desired to build up with haste in one country the customs and institutions which lead to pleasing results in another, it is of the greatest importance to note how gradual has been the growth of what we admire elsewhere.

Having established the antiquity of the present system of Belgian agriculture, I purpose observing its latest developments,

⁶ L. 274.

seeing how different soils, climates, and circumstances, have affected these developments; but before entering into these details, it is desirable to take a hasty view of the country at large. Consul Grattan, in his very clear report,⁷ tells us that in official publications Belgium is divided for classification into six leading agricultural districts. Mr. E. de Laveleye gives seven, and he himself prefers five, adopting his distribution. The districts are—(1) Flanders, (2) the Campine, (3) the Hesbaye, (4) the Condroy, (5) the Ardennes.

1. Flanders, East and West, include a narrow strip of blowing sand, called (*a*) the Dunes, extending along the shore from Heyst to Nieuport, and from one hundred to two thousand two hundred yards in width, Ostend is situated in the centre of the line; (*b*) the Polders, chiefly rich slob lands, extending from the embouchures of the Schelde, and behind the Dunes towards the west frontier near Furnes; lying below, or very little above, the level of the sea at high tides, and liable to marsh fevers. Grass farms let at from fifty-five to eighty shillings the acre (statute), and tillage farms at from thirty-three to forty shillings, and the general size of the farms from forty-five to one hundred and fifteen acres. (*c*) The remainder of the district a sandy plain, broken up into small holdings, densely populated, and most highly cultivated. The holdings in West Flanders average under eight acres, and in East Flanders under six.⁸ The ratio of the population may be taken as one to every acre,⁹ something less than four times the density of the Irish population, which is one hundred and seventy to the square mile. The following description of the "Pays de Waes," the most remarkable portion of the whole district, and lying between Antwerp and Ghent, is from Laveleye's work. The soil is thin, sandy, naturally wet or bad: "One might imagine himself in an extensive forest. The fields are surrounded with trees, the roads and ditches lined with them. Plunging their roots on one side into the cultivated ground, on the other into the unctuous waters of the drains, these trees look full of vigorous growth. The landscape presents no striking features; everything is calm and uniform, and conveys an idea of peaceful and humble

⁷ Reports of Her Majesty's Representatives respecting tenure of land in the several countries of Europe presented to Parliament in 1870, part i. p. 148. Extracts from this blue book will be thus indicated—B.B. i. p. 148.

⁸ L. 51.

⁹ B.B. i. p. 148.

happiness, such as rural life brings with it.¹⁰ In every direction the care of man shows itself, in the trim hedges, the neat plantation, the clean gathered harvests. When the rays of the sun, slanting through the foliage of the willows and poplars, cast their reflected gold and green across the neighbouring fields, it is pleasant to follow these effects of light and shade, which make the glades in large woods so beautiful. The high roads which connect the numerous villages have two, three, sometimes four rows of trees. Here and there farm-houses stand out from amidst orchards of large-sized apple-trees."¹¹ The farmer's dwelling is of one story, built of brick, and carefully painted white, or in light colours, with green shutters. The roof is thatched, not from motives of economy, but because it keeps a more equable temperature, and best preserves the corn from damp.

The clay of the ridge top is protected by a row of house leaks. A little path, often paved with bricks, leads to a wooden wicket, designed with rustic taste. Flowers such as hortensias, wall-flowers, dahlias, enliven the front of the dwelling, and the bright petals of those flowers, which the excellent horticultural displays of Ghent bring one after another into fashion, stand out in their rich colouring against the white window curtains. There are usually four rooms. In the largest the family assemble for meals and for society: in the second, the butter is made and the cattle food prepared. The other two are the sleeping rooms. Scrupulous cleanliness everywhere reigns. The old furniture, the carved chest, the clock in its oaken case, the gaudy crockery arranged upon the dresser, or upon the chimney board of the vast fireplace, the white deal table; everything is as carefully tended in the poor cottage of the day labourer as in the house of the snug peasant farmer. The metal-work of the churn, the copper, cooking-pots, shine brightly in the sun, and the walls are whitewashed once a year. In the yard, nothing out of place, nothing spoils the smoothness of the green sward. The manure heap and its black leakings, so often elsewhere exhibited in the midst of the surrounding buildings, is usually away out of sight under the stable roof. Here five or six large-framed cows, with swollen udders, receive the assi-

¹⁰ A little later, when M. de Laveleye abandons the idyllic for the statistic, we shall see that the lot of the happy Belgian farmers is not on the whole one calculated to excite our envy.

¹¹ L. 60-63.

duous attentions of the farmer's wife, who in summer gives them an abundance of green soiling, and in winter, straw, hay, and a kind of hot mash, in which turnips, carrots, or mangel are sliced up with oil cake, bran, bruised rye, or brewers' grains.¹²

2. The *Campine* is described by De Laveleye, as a heath as far as you can see, out of which rise up at considerable intervals, smiling villages, surrounded by cultivated fields, which form so many vases. It stretches eastward of the two Flanders, and comprises the greater part of the Antwerp and Limburg provinces. The soil is nearly a pure sand, coloured more or less by the oxide of iron. Farms vary in size, from twenty-five or thirty-five acres to forty-five or eighty acres, according as the tenant possesses one or two horses. But small holdings under an acre are very numerous. Rents are from 18s. to 22s. Under the lowest figure, it is considered better to plant with fir than to let. The population exceeds the Irish figure by seventy, being 248 to the square mile.

3. The *Hesbaye*, for its size, possesses the richest soil, being a clay-loam favourable to the culture of wheat. It covers the provinces of Brabant and Hainault. In the last century the farmers were described as being "rich, well-lodged, well-fed, dining like patriarchs at long tables; the *pater familias* and his wife with their bottle of wine at one end, the servants and the children at the other end."¹³ But it must be said that in those days (A.D. 1774) it was as hard to find farmers as it is now to find farms. Rent has gone up, land in thirty years being nearly doubled in value; mining and manufactures have enormously affected the price of land, stimulating agriculture by an increased demand for its fruits; but the greatest amelioration in the use of land has resulted from the introduction of the sugar beet. One development has been the introduction of con-acre;¹⁴ the sugar manufacturers taking up land previously prepared for them for the single crop, for which they pay as much as £9 the acre, sowing their own seed."¹⁵ Rents now go as high as 7¾ the acre. The farms as a rule are not large. Where they are large and the farm-houses old, they are massively built, like small forts. Hougomont and La Haye Sainte of Waterloo renown were of this sort.¹⁶

4. The *Condroy* covers a large part of Liège and Namur, in

¹² L. 64.

¹³ L. 146.

¹⁴ Con-acre, an Irish term for pieces of land hired for one crop.

¹⁵ L. 157.

¹⁶ L. 162.

all about 3,141,000 acres. It contains the largest farms, and is the most backward in respect of farming skill and industry. Here, more than anywhere else, the farms are worked by the proprietors, the land being equally divided between proprietors and tenants. Rents are from 16s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. per acre. The population is more sparse than in Ireland, being one hundred and thirteen to the square mile, and the labourers live more comfortably than in the western provinces. The soil is good. The system of tillage, two years grain, one year fallow. The charming pictures of simple rural elegance which present themselves in the "Pays de Waes" do not reproduce themselves here. "No large towns are to be found in Condroy, and but few market towns; the villages themselves are thinly inhabited, melancholy-looking and dirty. We see none of those little shops whose wares exposed to view testified to the somewhat refined wants of the people around. Even the bakeries are few, bread being baked at home. Farmers inhabit most of the houses built of blackish stone, which, grouped around the church, form the hamlets; and the dung-heaps, soaked in muddy pools, spread from before the doors right into the public street. Even the dram shops have a sombre look, and branches of juniper or of spruce replace the varied signs, on which the village artists of Van Eyck and of Rubens exercise their invention and their brush."¹⁷ Farms let at from 14s. 8d. to 22s. the acre.

5. *The Ardennes.* "This district, occupying the greater part of the province of Luxembourg, is characterized by the extent of its wood and pasture, by the prevalence of oats as a farm crop, and by the custom of periodically burning certain lands (essartage). It is somewhat smaller in extent than the preceding district."¹⁸ We must, however, add to this, a sheltered fruit-growing district in the Lower Luxembourg, which our guide in this arrangement, Consul Grattan, includes in it. The general climate is very severe; the capacity of the land much below the average of the rest of Belgium. Rents do not exceed 14s. 8d. per acre. The population being but ninety-four to the square mile, labour is high and the labouring class well off.¹⁹ The principal industry is the rearing of cattle, which is facilitated by large tracts of waste and communal lands. But the cattle and sheep are badly fed and puny in size. The picture presented by the mode of life is less pleasing than that presented in the Condroy. Speaking of the houses, M. de Laveleye says:

¹⁷ L. 188.¹⁸ L. 220.¹⁹ B.B. 149.

"Built of stone which absorbs the water, the roofs covered with schistous flags, the rural dwellings present a mournful and dilapidated appearance. A narrow door, slits of windows (lucarnes), hardly give light to a gloomy interior, completely blackened with the smoke from green wood. Never are these miserable dwellings whitened. Yet in all of those which I have entered (and I selected the poorest), the sides of bacon hanging from the joists always gave proof that the inmates did not depend on a vegetable diet. Nowhere here have I seen the cleanness, the care, the seeming comfort of the Flemish cottages; but neither have I met with the signs of extreme poverty which we too often meet with in Flanders."²⁰

The attentive reader will now have in his mind a pretty accurate idea of the general differences which soil, climate, population, and trade, create in the several parts of Belgium. The task remains to explain the relations of landlord and tenant; to examine what proprietary rights, what tenant rights exist; to point out the great increase of values which has taken place, the increase of population, and to show how these several conditions of social existence act and re-act on each other, affect agriculture and the comfort and well-being of individuals, and the wealth of the State. In conclusion will be noticed a system of agrarian outrage, precisely of the Irish pattern, which long before we heard of it in Ireland tormented a limited portion of Flanders; spreading either into France, or from France, and which after a disastrous course of some three hundred years, was, about thirty years ago, by wise measures, finally stamped out. At the base of all possible cultivation²¹ is the ownership of land. In Belgium, as in the United States, as in all Europe except Russia, Ireland (since 1870), and possibly Greece, property in land is absolute; as absolute as property in consols, more absolute than property in intellect; and there is no such joint ownership, such as has always existed

²⁰ L. 214.

²¹ "Maledicta terra in opere tuo, in laboribus comes ex ea cunctis diebus vitæ tuæ. Spinas et tribulos germinabit tibi: in sudore vultus tui vinceris pane" (Gen. iii.). In terra enim maledicta "spinas" tantum et "tribulos germinante," nisi assiduo labore exerceatur, quotidianisque fecundetur laboribus, fruges humano victui accommodatæ, ipsaque humus frugibus ferendis apta, non tam naturæ dona sunt, quam vera procreatio laboris et industriæ cultorum; unde aut deneganda et cultoribus proprietatis suæ industriæ, laboris, et sudoris, id est, libertas personæ; aut eis adjudicandum et verum jus, non solum in fruges suo labore partas, sed etiam in portiones terræ, quas in "sudore vultus" sui, vindicarent, a spinis et tribulis, frugiferasque effecerunt (A. Martinet, *Theologia Moralis*).

and still exists to a limited extent in Denmark, and has been created, apparently for political reasons, in territories which Russia has conquered and annexed; in Greece owing to popular pressure; and lately in Ireland for reasons which need not be discussed here.

Belgium presents to the attentive observer a variety of phenomena, which do not tally with the theories of our land reformers at home. Theoretical writers by the score quote and re-quote each other, each adding by his approval some weight to the original statement, to the effect that "the magic of property turns sand into gold—the small proprietor is never idle—unless the tiller of the soil is likewise the owner, the full capacity of the soil will not be developed. Where there is no security there will be no improvement, and agriculture will advance with lagging footsteps. The breaking up of large properties, leading to small proprietorship, will establish rural contentment," and so on.

All these sayings may be riddled through the works of Arthur Young, Lavergne, Laveleye, Mill, Kay, Arnold, &c., and contain a large amount of truth, but if taken as axioms, are each and all refuted by Belgian phenomena. The one author all quote is Arthur Young. Yet Arthur Young did not make the mistake made by Mill, Kay, Arnold, and a score of others, of considering these propositions as indiscriminately and generally applicable, and seeking to make them basis of legislation. Young alone seems fully to have understood, what Lavergne and Laveleye partially understood, and the rest not at all, that good systems will establish themselves; and that a system which suits one people, one district, one individual, may elsewhere totally fail. Thus Young in his tour in France, made when it was entering into the throes of revolution, gives some charming idyllic pictures of the small proprietors, who were then perhaps as numerous as they are now.²² It is he that wrote: "The magic of property turns sand into gold;"²³ and he speaks of a large tract of land near Sausse: "Seemingly nothing but huge rocks, yet most of it enclosed and planted, with the most industrious attention. Every man has an olive, a mulberry, an almond or a peach tree, and vines, scattered among them; so that the whole ground is covered with the oddest mixture of these plants, and bulging rocks, that can be imagined. The inhabitants of this village deserve encourage-

²² See Lavergne, *Econ. rurale de la France*, p. 23. Third Edition.

²³ P. 74.

ment for their industry, and if I was a French Minister they should have it. They would soon turn all the deserts around them into gardens. Such a knot of active husbandmen, who turn their rocks into scenes of fertility, because I suppose *their own*, would do the same by the wastes, if animated by the same omnipotent principles."²⁴ And further on he says: "Wherever you stumble on a Grand Seigneur, you are sure to find his property desert. . . . If I was the legislator of France for a day, I would make these great lords skip again."²⁵ And yet land reformers, when it suits, represent Young as the *advocate* of large farms; and Butt (at one time Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, Dublin), had the hardihood to say: "Young tells us in *perfect ecstacy* of one farm in Tipperary, containing ten thousand acres farmed by one man."²⁶ On turning to Young,²⁷ I was somewhat amused, but not surprised, to find that Young simply chronicled the fact, without comment; and there is absolutely nothing in the context to show what he thought of this Tipperary farm.

That is always the way Mill and others quote Young for such fragments of his testimony as can be made to fit in with their own views; but his testimony as a whole they will not have, and why? Young was a practical man, a competent witness, and a hater of theorists. He had one never failing test, which he applied to all systems. *Does it pay?* and in spite of sentiment, poetry of feeling, and philanthropy, all of which bounded under his sympathetic touch, his verdict was, that *as a rule*, small farms did not pay; that they impoverished the country and the agriculturists alike, that the ceaseless industry of the small proprietor, was for the most part unprofitable, slavery, and a purposeless fussiness; a "taking up of a stone here to put it down there."

It is a very curious thing that in Belgium extreme subdivision of land does not turn the tiller into the owner of the soil, but into a rack-rented tenant. "As few of the farmers own land, they must live, and as properties average about one hectare in extent ($2\frac{1}{4}$ acres), the farmer who hires five hectares (11 acres) usually holds of several landlords. . . . It is a misfortune for the farmer to own his house and buildings; the expense of repairs fall on him, and the landowners, knowing he must have land to gain a livelihood, make what terms they

²⁴ P. 36.²⁵ P. 48.²⁶ *Irish People and Irish Land*, p. 116.²⁷ *Ireland*, i. p. 497.

please] with him, and grant no lease." ²⁸ This is in the "Pays de Waes," of the farming in which I extracted so bright a description from De Laveleye.

Again we are told, that for the good of agriculture, the tenant must have fixity of tenure; security for his improvements; and a guarantee against the arbitrary exaction of rent. What is the case in Flanders? His fixity is the fixity of a nine years lease, at the close of which his improvements go to the landlord, and he is almost certain to have his rent raised. ²⁹ Yet here, in spite of an indifferent climate and a bad soil, in spite of the extreme inconvenience of holding under a multiplicity of landlords, one if possible more extortionate than another, agriculture has reached the greatest perfection which it has reached in any part of the world, except perhaps in China. There is no one who will not feel regret that the one person who has brought this perfection, is the only one who derives little or no benefit from it, but so unfortunately it is. It is of the nature of toil, to benefit others more than him who toils. As will be proved by-and-bye, the creator of all this agricultural wealth and beauty, the man of unceasing labour, is the only one who reaps from it no pecuniary advantage. The State is the richer, and the landlord, but not the cultivator; and in Belgium the grasping landlord, who has the sucking of the orange, is the peasant proprietor. Nevertheless, agriculture flourishes, because it is a truth, that no laws or customs can arrest that development of agriculture, which circumstances call into being, and a patient, laborious, and enterprising people are able to carry out. Laws affect these matters very little. Security for property and the enjoyment of peace are the only essentials. And those who think that by breaking up large properties, where the nature of things is rolling them together, and by re-creating small proprietorships, where the tendency has been, as in England, to substitute tenancy, ³⁰ they will bring about greater prosperity and general comfort, will find when

²⁸ B.B. i. 123.

²⁹ From 1830 to 1846 (rent has risen) at the rate of nearly 2 per cent. per an. . . . a rate of progression which since then has been more rapid (L. 231).

³⁰ The establishment of a small proprietary system may be, probably is, in Ireland at least, a political necessity; be that as it may, its establishment will occasion fresh sufferings and difficulties. Nevertheless, through such a period of suffering and difficulty may be the only road to political health, but the suffering and difficulty must be looked for, and being calculated on should not discourage. Whether for good or evil it is a phase of existence which the law of '81 has almost necessitated.

it is too late, the ruinous mistake they will have made, should their theories be carried out.

But in Belgium, opposite conditions teach one and the same lesson, for it is precisely in those parts of the country, where there are the greatest number of working proprietors, that agriculture is the most backward and the least productive, and this in spite of a much more fertile soil than that with which the unprotected tenant farmers of Flanders have to deal.

Before I go further, let me say a word about rent. Rent has given rise to a good deal of abstruse reasoning, all of which tends to cast unnecessary obscurity over a very simple connexion. Whether absolute property in land should or should not exist, is a question which I am not now discussing. For my present purpose it suffices that, as a matter of fact, absolute property exists in Belgium, as it also exists in America, France, Germany, England, and Scotland, and as it did exist in Ireland up to 1870. Wherever it exists, the relation of landlord and tenant necessarily resolves itself into one of master and servant. It is quite immaterial that the tenant or servant may be, and in many cases is, a greater man than his landlord or master. It does not affect the question that the tenant or servant may derive more benefit or enjoyment from the land than does his landlord or master. The nature of the relation is a necessary consequence of the existence of absolute property in land. Wherever absolute property in land exists, the landlord practically hires his tenant, in much the same way as he hires his gamekeeper, his coachman, his gardener. And the conditions of the hiring, in other words, the clauses in the lease, will be governed by the conditions of the farm labour market—the old law of supply and demand. The landlord will be interested in his tenant, as the kindness or prudence of his nature may dictate, in precisely the same way, and for precisely the same reasons, which make him take an interest in the happiness or welfare of any dependent he may have. Where the independent or superior position of the tenant makes such sympathy unnecessary or unmeaning, it will not of course exist. Gradually also, as the position of the tenant becomes fortified by legal changes, so in proportion will that sympathy die out and be replaced by that grasping commercial spirit which in Flanders governs the relationship of landlord and tenant; and the evil of too low a rent, which Mr. A. Arnold points out as one of the

faults of our present system,³¹ will no doubt cease to exist in England, as it has ceased to exist in Flanders.

The agricultural economy of Belgium presents a number of very singular and (to people not practically acquainted with land) probably unexpected phenomena, which will reveal themselves as we study the peculiarities of its several districts. Thus we have seen that the small proprietary system is consistent with a most grasping landlordism; that absence of all security is consistent with a most marvellous agricultural development. We shall now see that the appearance of rustic elegance and comfort is consistent with a grinding poverty; that ownership does not mean independence; and we shall see that the comfort of the labourer depends less upon the activity of the demand for labour than on the paucity of the supply. That such should be the case is of course the result of a natural law, but it is not a consequence which is at first sight apparent; and a consideration of it goes to strengthen the hands of those who maintain that the only way of raising the social position of the Irish labourer is by a large, judiciously managed, and benevolent scheme of emigration.³² If it be true that the labour demand which industrial extensions create is immediately followed by an influx of labour, it simply stands to reason that to create a demand where a surplus of labour already exists, will be to keep up that surplus, and leave necessity much as it was before. As Malthus showed, "There is a constant tendency in animal life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it. . . . Wherever there is liberty, the power of increase is exerted, and the superabundant effects are repressed afterwards by want of room and of nourishment."³³ In the Campine, "The condition of the small proprietor and the tenant differs but little, if at all. Both are badly fed, . . . weak from want of substantial nourish-

³¹ "It is against public policy that rent should be so low as to encourage careless farming" (p. 56). "One of the evils of our settled land system is that rents are too low; and I have quoted Mr. Mechi's statement, that rent might often be tripled with advantage to the tenant" (p. 86). "I entirely concur in the Duke [of Argyll's] opinion, that 'all over England, wherever the system of yearly tenancies prevails, farms are let below the full value to an extent of which the public has no conception'" (*Free Land*, p. 87).

³² I may be permitted another note from Martinet: Chapter on "Property" in his book of Moral Theology: "Nec enim alia excogitari potest ratio temporis successu *replendo terram* quam continua migratio recentiorum familiarum e locis jam repletis in novas sedes quas sibi *subjicerent* eo modo quem ipse Deus statuerat protoparenti in *paradiso voluptatis ut scilicet operaretur et custodiret illum*."

³³ Fawcett's *Political Economy*.

ment. Although at work early and late, are unable to do a really good day's work."³⁴ Near Mons, in the region Hesbayenne, "the people were squalid, a poorly-fed looking race. . . The lot of the farm servants I had lately seen appeared more enviable than that of some small owner, who, with his wife harnessed to the harrow, was endeavouring to eke out a subsistence off his little patch of land."³⁵ That is the evidence of a witness. Here is the ideal picture. "If we would see the brightest examples of cheerful, uncomplaining toil, we must visit those lands in which the husbandman is to be found with his sons and daughters, cultivating his patch of land in the security of independent ownership."³⁶ It is more pleasant to read the pictures of an idealist than the dry evidence of one who examines for himself. But the misfortune is, that we are asked to base our legislation on the ideal. Let us get back to our blue book, and read of facts. It is not so pleasant, but it is safer and more wholesome. "The small owner is in very many instances less intelligent and less hard-working than, and in an inferior condition to, the small tenant. . . A large farm well farmed would produce twice or thrice as much to the hectare in the course of the year as a small holding."³⁷ This is the opinion of a proprietor, owning and farming about 227 acres in the commune of Blicquy. The opinion may be right or it may be wrong, but it is probably more worthy of consideration than the opinion of any of us who in England speculate on these matters. Mr. Wyndham evidently considered the opinion of value, or he would not have repeated it in his report. It points, I think, to the necessity of our exercising great caution in artificially stimulating the extension of the small farm system, particularly in Ireland, where, owing to the nature of the climate, the natural fertility of the soil, and the absence of demand at present for garden products, it is possible that such a course might eventuate in a considerable diminution in the total value of agricultural produce.

A comparison of conditions existing in the two countries, Ireland and Belgium, shows us many reasons for looking on the extension of the small farm system in Ireland with considerable uneasiness. Bad as is the Belgian soil, and the climate may be included in that condemnation, there is in summer a hot

³⁴ B. B. 114.³⁵ B. B. 117.³⁶ O'Connor Power, *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1881.³⁷ B. B. 117.

sun, which stimulates vegetable growth, permits of successive crops in one and the same season on the same plot of ground. The frequent proximity of large industrial centres invites variety of produce, and these several circumstances unite to find profitable employment for the small farmer and his family all the year round. In Ireland it is otherwise. There are practically no markets for garden produce, and the only crops generally useful are oats and potatoes. The climate is damp, and the sun has no forcing power, and only one crop in the year can be secured, and that with some difficulty on any given plot of ground. When then the crop has been committed to the soil, a long period of enforced idleness supervenes, until harvest time, during which the tiller of the soil consumes without earning. There is no local demand for labour, and the small farmer must idle at home, or seek labour abroad.

Even in Belgium, unless the market is quite near, the small farmer, particularly if he is a proprietor, is a miserable half-starved man. How will it be in Ireland? Those who advocate the extension of the small farm system are very confident. But on what grounds?

Mr. Wyndham remarks that the opinion as to the superior produce to be raised from the large farm system, applies no doubt only to that district. This probably is so, the district being the Hesbayenne, where the land is fertile, favourable to the growth of wheat, and where in consequence the proportion of horse stock to other stock is, as De Laveleye points out, very much larger than in any other part of Belgium, being in the large farms nearly equal.³⁸

At Dinant in the Condroy the condition of the small proprietor is not nearly so good as that of the large tenants. The answer I received as to the man owning 10 hectares of land³⁹ (23 acres), was, "*C'est un malheureux.*" In the Ardennes, the same answer is made, "*Ils vivent, ils mangent du pain.*"⁴⁰ What makes this poverty of the small proprietor in the Ardennes the more remarkable is that according to De Laveleye, as has been already shown, the condition of the labourer is exceptionally

³⁸ L. 153-223.

³⁹ In the summer of 1880 I was chairman of a small relief committee, and on our list we had a tenant whose farm consisted of 18 Irish acres, not quite 30 English. His farm stock consisted of an old horse, and his capital was represented by some miserable furniture and an empty meal tub. So far as I remember, he had no family and his rent was moderate.

⁴⁰ B.B. 122.

easy, owing to the scantiness of the population. Daily wages are up to 1s. 8d., provisions are cheap, and "the abundance of waste lands provides a thousand resources which are wanting to the poor, whereas in a garden every inch of land is put to the best advantage."⁴¹ There is nothing like this general ease in the manufacturing districts, the comfort of the poor depending entirely upon the ratio of population to the resources available. Thus in the Pays de Waes, where the cultivation is so admirable and the population so dense (there were 740 persons to the mile in East Flanders in 1846), though in the rural communes there is little or no absolute poverty, yet "in the chief town of the district, the rich and manufacturing town of St. Nicholas, containing 25,000 inhabitants, many of whom are landed proprietors, beggars literally swarm."⁴²

I am not inclined to think that Mr. Wyndham's testimony as to the poverty of the small proprietor is to be taken as referring to absolute poverty, because carried to that extent it would not tally with the comparative comfort of the labourer, nor with M. de Laveleye's view. I apprehend that the poverty depicted as afflicting the small proprietor is taken relatively to the greater comfort of the tenant farmer. I have it at heart in all these comparisons to be as moderate and as scrupulously exact as the nature of the evidence permits, for I have been so sickened with the reckless nature of the comparisons made by nearly every writer I have come across who urges the establishment of the small proprietary system. Nothing is more common for them than to compare the tenant with the proprietor of farms of the same extent, ignoring the fact that the proprietor possesses two capitals, and that if he sold his farm and rented it from the new proprietor, he would not only hold it practically rent free, but would have some little dividends besides to draw out of the purchase money. That for political reasons large properties should be broken up, is one thing, and a thing not now under discussion, but the lessons taught us by Belgium give us reason to think that from an agricultural or economic point of view such a change would result in loss of income to the State, and increased suffering to the poor. There are Belgians who see this. M. de Hoon, writing of the fat polder lands, expresses a hope that the farms will remain large. "As the farms become smaller we shall have more produce, but the general expenses, resulting from an increased number of

⁴¹ L. 213.⁴² B.B. i. 128.

families, will have augmented also; illness due to overcrowding, and misery almost unknown, will gain ground."⁴³

Before turning from the consideration of the social condition of the Belgian agricultural population, a few more extracts from M. de Laveleye's work will complete the picture I desire to present; a picture in which is presented the difficulties and consolations of agricultural life in Belgium. "The Flemish agricultural labourer is perhaps the hardest worked and the worst fed of all European labourers. The small farmer hardly lives any better, and beyond his bare wage, he gets no more than 3 per cent. for his capital. . . Rude as is his life, the town does not attract him; . . . family traditions, the impossibility of commencing any other industry, the powerful attractions of a country life, bind him to the plough. Yet the continual rise in rent which takes place at the close of every nine years' lease, fills him with uneasiness and poisons his existence. He mistrusts all who make inquiries about the state of agriculture, and conceals the fertility which he has been able to give the land, and the amount of its products."⁴⁴

Yet money is to be made, particularly in the reclamation of land, although the improved condition of the soil becomes after, say thirty years, absolutely and without compensation, the property of the landlord. "De Lichtervelde, in his work *La Bêche*, quotes an instance of one of these sturdy labourers, established in the commune of Maldegheem, who had realized £3,400."⁴⁵

In the naturally barren Campine, where the skilled labour of man has been able to produce as "special products, asparagus, honey, butter, poultry, and even wine, . . . wheat is, as far as the people are concerned, an article of luxury, grown merely to suit the fastidious appetites of those who cannot digest the black bread, potatoes, and butter-milk which form the ordinary nourishment of the rural populations."⁴⁶ The struggle for life is not everywhere so ceaseless and distressing as it is in those parts of Belgium where the skill of man has won its greatest triumphs. There is a region of good soil and of happy climate, sheltered by the masses of the Ardennes, called the "Bas Luxembourg." The soil is a rich clay loam, and pears, apricots, and plums grow in such abundance, that in good years they are used for distillation. . . . The land, without being too subdivided, is distributed between a considerable number of working pro-

⁴³ L.⁴⁴ L. 66—71.⁴⁵ L. 83.⁴⁶ L. 129.

prietors. . . All seem to enjoy a degree of rustic ease, arising not out of the possession of much capital, but out of the abundance of produce. No one is rich enough to indulge in opulent idleness; no one is so poor as to know the extremities of want."⁴⁷ But, on the whole, the conditions of existence for the mass of the Belgian population is very, very hard. "The condition of the day labourer does not appear under more favourable colours than that of the tenant. . . Wages in some places fall below tenpence a day, and in the best cultivated districts the labourers gain less than in the Walloon district, where are found manufacturing and mining industries. Everywhere wages are insufficient for the needs of their families. The proportion of values consumed per head is in England 150, in France 140, in Belgium 110 francs. Their existence is explained, not by their calculated gains, but by the produce of their little allotments, which statistics cannot measure."⁴⁸ The following estimate is by Mr. Duepetiaux, Inspector General of Prisons:⁴⁹ "A labourer's family receives 555 francs a year (say £24), and their ordinary expenses will be 5'90 a week (say 5s.). A labourer and his wife, sufficiently strong, industrious, honest, sparing in their food (for all these requirements are *de rigueur* for obtaining permanent work), who have a girl aged sixteen, earning as much as her mother; and one aged twelve, earning a third of that; who have but two younger children; who allow themselves nothing superfluous; who do not suffer from those diseases which insufficient food may expose them to; who escape the expenses caused by births or deaths—these poor people, at the end of the year, find their account, based upon the average price of necessaries, balanced with a deficit equal to the cost of their clothes and lodging."⁵⁰

On the question of small proprietorship, M. De Laveleye knows too much to be a *doctrinaire*—in this reminding one of Arthur Young. He leans, as is natural, to the small proprietary system, *provided always* that the proprietor is the tiller of the soil. This of course is a combination which it is difficult to ensure, and which it would be destructive to enforce by legislation. It is curious, however, that in spite of his bias towards a system with which he is so familiar, the weight of his reasoning leans the other way. This may be accounted for by the fact

⁴⁷ L. 218.⁴⁸ L. 242.⁴⁹ *Budgets économiques des classes ouvrières*, 1855.⁵⁰ L. 278.

that in our social arrangements goodness is nearly always relative, seldom, if ever, absolute; and the evils resulting in Belgium from a particular system, might easily be changed for worse evils, should land legislation there become speculative. Moreover, he looks hopefully on the evils which he describes as being perhaps of a transitory nature. But in spite of all national prepossessions, he compares the Belgian system of small properties with the English system of large ones, in a broad and generous spirit, and does not conceal his admiration for the English system—an expression of feeling which ought somewhat to disconcert our theorists at home.

Speaking of the commercial system in land matters, which has either caused, or been caused by, the subdivision of property, and lamenting the violent competition to which it has given rise, and the greed to which it panders, he writes: "Doubtless we have seen that in Flanders, in spite of such circumstances, garden tillage associated with the small proprietary system, can give an enormous total of gross produce; but there, too, we have been struck with the contrast presented by the magnificence of the crops and the miserable existence of those who produce them. Thus a large number of small proprietors, having no direct interest in cultivation, superimposed on the still more numerous class who work the land, and always busy in pushing rents up as high as excessive competition permits: this is the painful other side, which the agricultural organization of Belgium presents, above all, in its richest district. In England it is otherwise. The large proprietor, enjoying a considerable income, is not obliged to keep perpetually squeezing his tenantry. Between the families of the tenant and of the landlord relations (*du patronat*) spring up, which prevent the master from putting too hard conditions on those who depend upon him. The kindly feelings which suit a patriarchal system, modify and soften the hard economic law of supply and demand. Tenancies at will prevail, and the absence of a written agreement, which in Belgium is considered as the hardest of all conditions, is in England preferred. Whilst in Belgium it would bring on an incessant rise of rent, now only limited by the customary nine years' lease, in England it leaves the rent the same for a protracted period. . . Some, no doubt, do not resemble these model landlords, . . . still, good example exercises incalculable influence, and gives, so to say, the tone, and in all cases moderates and softens, the exercise of a right

which in Belgium, as in many other countries, is put in force with all its rigour."⁵¹

There is one other matter on which I have not touched, which is "tenant right." It resolves itself simply into an exchange of money between the incoming and outgoing tenant, for manures, tillage, produce unexhausted, or so considered. It has its counterpart in England, and differs, as it does in England, in different districts. Nowhere in Belgium does it give any claim to a prolonged use of the land, nor to compensation for improvements, otherwise than as provided by the terms of the lease.

Belgium, however, does not end its lessons for us with a consideration of the quiet and peaceful working of social laws and customs, bringing in their train prosperity and joy, difficulties and sorrow, but always working out their various problems within the law, and in peace. It is strange, but in this busy, prosperous country, there did at one time exist, in a limited portion of it, a system of agrarian discontent, nurtured and fed, produced and reproduced, by outrage, such as we have for so long a time suffered from in Ireland.

It was heard of in Flanders some two hundred years before it was heard of in Ireland, and after hundreds of years of sin and misery was finally stamped out. The history is most instructive to us, for it almost conclusively demonstrates two things. One is, that such a system does not arise out of landlord oppression or greed, or out of any land laws whatever; the other is, that the way to deal with this disease is not by weak concessions, but by sternly holding the districts accountable in which the crimes are committed. The narrative which follows is to be found at pages 118—121 of the *Blue Book* so often quoted.

The object sought to be attained was this. The tenant was of opinion, or persuaded himself, that he ought not to be dispossessed, unless the landlord required the land for his own personal use. If the farm was taken up by the landlord at the end of his lease, either to secure a better tenant or for the purpose of obtaining an increased rent, the outgoing tenant claimed to have a right to a money payment, not from the landlord, but from his successor in the farm. If this sum was not paid, crimes and outrages of a very serious nature were committed,—assassinations, rick burnings, destruction of

⁵¹ L. 337.

crops, &c., the actual perpetrator being, as a rule, hired from a distance. The inhabitants of a commune where an outrage was committed always pleaded ignorance as to its having taken place. The only shadow of a justification ever suggested was this, that the landlord, on admitting a tenant, used to take a fine, and it was considered that on leaving the farm the outgoing tenant was entitled to receive that fine back. It has always been restricted to a narrow district, and was of long standing. It is supposed to have originated in French Flanders, and to have thence spread to the districts of Tournai, St. Amand, and Martagne, invading next certain parts of Hainault and Brabant, reaching even as far as Brussels. It was called the "*Mauvais Gré*."

The first known instance of legislation against it was in 1585. A proclamation on the subject was issued by Charles the Fifth at Lille, Douai, and Archies. Thirty-four years later fresh punishments were ordained against offenders. Flogging and banishment for mere threats; death for perpetration of outrage. In 1752 the Empress Maria Theresa ordered that the communes should find a tenant for lands Boycotted, and the outgoing tenant was declared responsible for injuries to the proprietor or to the incoming tenant. If a crime was committed the last tenant was arrested and imprisoned, together with his family. His goods were seized and sold for the benefit of the injured party, unless persons under arrest could prove within three months that the outrages had neither been committed by themselves, their adherents, nor with their knowledge nor sanction. The inhabitants of communes who failed to denounce these crimes as they occurred were collectively and individually bound to make the injuries good. In France the outgoing tenant was considered responsible for six years after leaving his farm. In 1845 the Belgian Government decided to grapple seriously with the difficulty. It increased the *gendarmerie*, placed troops at the disposal of the authorities, and stimulated the zeal of officials and the severity of tribunals. During the period troops were required in the several communes, they were *lodged and fed at the expense of the inhabitants*. Outrages on property were visited with the punishment of death. These measures appear to have had the desired effect, for since 1846 but little mention has been made of *Mauvais Gré*. Mr. Wyndham goes on to say: "Desirous of learning from a high reliable authority to what cause the Belgian Government attributed the cessation

of agrarian outrages, I called upon the Procureur-Général. He attributed the cessation of these outrages, entirely and solely to the energetic and severe measures adopted by the Government in punishing offenders guilty of agrarian outrages. He did not consider that either religious or educational influences had in any way contributed to their cessation. "In six years ending with 1842, there had been forty-three acts of incendiarism, and eleven assassinations." The last execution took place on February 19, 1850, for an attempt at assassination by an assassin hired to do the deed for a sum of ninety francs. Since that date agrarian outrages have been almost unknown; and the people, feeling that any such acts, no matter to what cause they may be attributed, will be punished by the Government (ever jealous of the rights of property) with severity, will hesitate before having recourse to such barbarous means of obtaining what they may consider as their rights.

These disorders, while they lasted, do not appear to have in any way affected the general system, governing the inter-relation of the classes living directly on and by the land. The evil was entirely a local, and having been treated as such, and having finally disappeared, its history contains no lessons which can be made useful, in adapting the future of our land system to the conditions which time may bring about.

But its mere existence in a country otherwise so peaceful, so steadily laborious, and so successful in its labour, so far as general wealth is concerned, was so remarkable a feature that to pass it over in silence was not possible.

To sum up, the chief lesson to be learned from a study of agricultural Belgium, and from similar studies in other countries, is the intense difficulty of helping struggling men by altering economic systems which time may be said to have created and sanctioned, and the extreme danger of tampering with them. It is a painful reflection, that everywhere, the humble creators of wealth should participate so little in its advantages; so that the *Sic vos non vobis* (of Virgil) continues to be applicable to them, as it always has been.

C. RALEIGH CHICHESTER.

*Lord Lytton.*¹

LORD LYTTON has held, and will always hold, a very high place among English novelists. Though he wrote at a time when Scott and Byron were the literary magnates of the day, his novels were immensely popular, and his poems were greatly admired. His authorship, early as it began, was accompanied throughout by assiduous study in almost every department of letters, so that the opulence of literary knowledge he bestowed on the enrichment of his art has rarely been equalled by any writer of fiction; and rarely has any one awakened in his readers so real and legitimate a desire to know more of his inner life and its relations to his outward circumstances than he did by interweaving into works of imagination the emotions, sentiments, and experiences he himself had in reality passed through. The main purpose of the biography now given to the public by his son is to illustrate Lord Lytton's works by his life, and his life by his works. It is compiled from the unpublished MS. left by the author, and bids fair to be a long one, as the two large volumes which form the first instalment only bring us down to the twenty-ninth year of a man who lived to be seventy. The first part is an autobiography; but this closes at the age of twenty-two, after which the son continues the record of his father's career with the help of letters and memoranda.

The family genealogy is entered into at considerable length before we are told that Edward Bulwer-Lytton was the son of a country gentleman, and the youngest of three brothers. A weakly and delicate child, he was the object of his mother's especial care and love, whilst his father on the contrary, as he tells us, regarded him with positive dislike, partly perhaps out of jealousy for his mother's love, partly because he suspected that should the lands of Lytton, of which family she was the sole representative, devolve on her, she would make her youngest

¹ *The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his son. Vols. i. and ii. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

son her heir, instead of adding them to the hereditary domains of the Bulwers, which he was desirous of enlarging and raising in importance. But death struck down the aspiring man in the midst of his dream of ambition and acquisition, when the subject of this memoir was only four years old. The following is the account given in the autobiography :

He had been suffering some days under one of his attacks of gout, and had taken to his bed, in which he lay amongst hoops that suspended from his body the touch of the clothes ; for he could not bear even that pressure. No danger, however, was apprehended, even by himself, for my mother telling him, on the day of his death, that the doctor had ordered William (the eldest son) to take wine, he said half-jestingly, half-peevisly, "that he hoped the doctor had not recommended his own favourite Madeira, for the bin was low, and would not last two or three years longer." Thus saying, he turned to the wall, and asked for some tea. My mother went to prepare it, and when she returned he was in a gentle sleep. She stole from the room softly, not to disturb him. But from that sleep he never woke ; within an hour from the time she left him he was no more. His favourite little spaniel, who sate on his pillow, would not quit his remains, and when they were placed out of sight in the coffin, it crept under the pall, and died (vol. i. p. 83).

The widow settled in London, to be near her mother, and the other boys being at school, Edward lived alone with her. On one occasion when called away on business, she left him with his grandfather, who had no partiality for him, and the following incident occurred :

During her absence a young midshipman came to dine with Mr. Lytton. I peeped from the staircase when they went into dinner, and greatly admired the midshipman's smart uniform. I saw that he deposited something in the slab without the door, as he went into the parlour—something that glittered. My infant curiosity was aroused ; so, when the place was clear, I stole down and approached the slab. O Mars ! I remember still how thy fierce inspiration shot through my heart when I beheld the prettiest weapon—dirk, cutlass, or miniature sword, I know not what to call it—with its gleaming hilt of mother-of-pearl and gold. I hesitated not a moment ; I seized the weapon and ran off with it. Whether I absolutely meant feloniously to steal it, I cannot say. Most probably. But my senses were in such delicious and delirious confusion, that my memory cannot metaphysically analyze the ideas of that tumultuous hour ! All I know is, that I ran off with the instrument destined for the destruction of the enemies of my country, and instinctively hid it. I cannot even recollect where I hid it. Hide it I did. Neither know I how, nor in what dreams and visions, I

passed the hours (musing on that treasure, and wondering if the time could come when I might wear it openly by my side) until the midshipman took his leave and searched for his weapon. No weapon forthcoming. What on earth had become of it? Was it in the dining-room? in the library? in the entrance-hall, with the hats and cloaks? No, the midshipman was certain he had left it on the slab. The servants were questioned in vain.

"If there were a magpie in the house," began my grandfather.

"Please your honour," said the grim man-servant, an austere man of a sanctified turn of mind, who had neither little ones nor bowels for them, "please your honour, there is a child."

At that answer my grandfather bounded.

The culprit denied his guilt, but the cutlass being found, he was left that night in peace. Retribution, however, came in the morning; the man-servant appeared, hiding something under an apron which he wore.

"Master Teddy," quoth he, "I have something here in store for you."

Thinking in the credulous goodness of my own heart that my grandfather was about to make up to me for the loss of my beloved cutlass, by some toy of a peculiarly fascinating nature, I cried joyfully, "Where is it? Show it me."

The wretch smiled again; and withdrawing the folds of the concealing apron, held up to my sight a thing I had never seen before—a thing composed of brown horrent sprigs and twigs; a thing ugly and venomous!

"But," said I, recoilingly and doubtfully, "is that really for me? I don't think it is at all pretty. It is very like a broom. It must be for Sarah!" Sarah was the housemaid.

"It *is* for you, Master Teddy," said the infernal and execrable man (oh, that I could remember his name—to transmit it to the just indignation of posterity!). "It is for you, and much good may it do you!"

So saying, he entered my grandfather's room, and closed the door (vol. i. pp. 89, seq.).

This grandfather was a great scholar, and possessed an extensive library. On his death his books were removed to his daughter's house, and the arrival of these formed a new era in the life of the quaint little boy who was already consumed with the thirst for knowledge. Many of the books were in strange tongues, and these he regarded with "deep and wistful reverence," but in the vast collection were also not a few works of imagination and romance, and in the company of these he passed hours of rapt and intense enjoyment, besides blundering

into other more abstruse defiles of Bookland. He certainly got "ankle-deep in the slough of metaphysics," for one day he startled his mother by addressing to her this simple and child-like question: "Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" The amazed mother thought it was high time the little philosopher should go to school, and to school accordingly, in 1812, he went.

His first taste of school-life was an unfortunate one, which damped his spirits and affected his health; and it was not until placed in an academy where gentlemen's sons were prepared for Eton and Harrow that he felt himself in a congenial sphere, and obtained a reputation for cleverness. His master appears to have found him rather unmanageable, and advised his removal to a public school, declaring him to be possessed of a mind of extraordinary compass and energy, and to give promise of becoming a very remarkable man. He was placed with a private tutor, who encouraged him in his love of letters.

At the early age of seventeen he published a volume of poems entitled, *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, and Other Poems*, without literary value, but interesting as being the first dawnings of poetic enthusiasm.

About this time (1820) the vague yearnings of his boyish heart found an object of worship. Allusion to this episode—which made an indelible impression on his character, and coloured the whole of his after life—are constantly recurring in his published works, and in none so prominently as in his last. A touching record of this "brief tale of true passion and great sorrow" was found among his papers; from it we give an extract:

She was one or two years older than I. She had the sweetest face, the gentlest temper, ever given to girlhood. The sort of love we felt for each other I cannot describe. It was so unlike the love of grown-up people; so pure that not one wrong thought ever crossed it, and yet so passionate, that never again have I felt, nor ever again can I feel, any emotion comparable to the intensity of its tumultuous tenderness.

It was then summer. She did not live in the immediate neighbourhood of those pleasant fields which were our place of daily meeting. . . . When I saw her at a distance, my heart beat so violently that I could not breathe without a painful effort. But the moment I heard her voice I was calm. That voice produced, throughout my whole frame, a strange sensation of delicious repose. The whole universe seemed hushed by it into holy stillness. Comparing what I felt then with what I have felt since, I cannot say if it was real love. Perhaps not.

I think it was something infinitely happier and less earthly. Till that time my spirits had been high, and my constitutional gaiety almost turbulent. But when I sat beside her, or looked into her soft melancholy face, or when I thought of it in absence, the tears stood in my eyes, I knew not why. Often now I see faces that seem to me beautiful, and people smile at me when I say so. But looking close into my impressions of them, I perceive that it was a trait, a look, an air like hers, that charmed me with them; and my only notion of beauty is something that resembles her. . . .

The last time we met was at evening, a little before sunset. I had walked to London in the morning, to buy her a book which she had wished to read. I had not written my name on the title-page, but I said, half-jealously, as I gave it her, "You will never lend it to any one? never give it away?"

She shook her head, and smiled sadly; and then, after a little pause, she said, without answering my question, "It will talk to me when you are gone."

So then, for the first time, we began to speak gravely of the future. But the more we discussed it, the more disquieted we became. And it ended with the old phrase, "We shall meet to-morrow" (vol. i. p. 163).

This was, however, their farewell. She was forced into a marriage against which her heart protested; and when, after three years of conflict with the love which consumed her, death was about to end the struggle, she wrote to her boyish lover informing him of the suffering she had endured, and her unconquerable devotion to him, intimating a wish he should visit her grave. He did so in 1824, and "kneeling alone at night, beneath the stars at that shrine," felt that the memory of that sorrowful romance would never be effaced from his heart. Her epitaph, however, was not written until 1873, when Kenelm Chillingly's sufferings over the grave of Lily are so touchingly described.

The next portion of the autobiography describes the writer's life at Cambridge, where he got the gold medal for the English prize poem, but otherwise achieved no academical distinctions. He associated, however, with the leading men amongst the undergraduates, who all became distinguished in later life. Amongst these were his brother Henry, afterwards Lord Dalling, Macaulay, Winthrop Praed, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Dr. Kennedy, and others. During his residence at the University he commenced writing *Pellham*, the novel which afterwards laid the foundation of his fame; and besides other works of fiction, he laid the plan of a History of the British Public, an ambitious design, never completed, which was the result of his own reflec-

tions, and the reproduction of his reading in an altered form. A graphic account of his wanderings and adventures during the vacation of 1824 is given in the autobiographical fragments; the next autumn, after a year of intellectual activity, he went abroad, finally staying in Paris, where he soon found admission into the best circles of French society. Here the autobiography ends, and Lord Lytton's son takes up the narrative of his father's life, both interior and exterior.

His intercourse with Catholics in France appears to have had some influence on his religious opinions—which at the best seem to have been very indefinite—but only just enough to give him a vague, unconscious inclination towards Catholicism. The “orthodox Anglican divinity” of the age in which he was brought up kept its hold upon him. “I respect,” he wrote in 1826, “the authority of the Established Church, because I sincerely believe it to be the religious organization best adapted for the preservation of virtue and happiness among us.” The philosophy of the French sceptics was distasteful to him, but his faith was neither solaced by ceremonial expression nor fortified by dogmatic definition. One cannot help wondering that the intellectual activity of a passionately imaginative and earnest nature did not lead him to embrace that religion which alone satisfies the reason, captivates the imagination, and elevates the heart. He appears to have been singularly destitute of spiritual cravings. We are told that “the diversities of Christian theology and ritual presented themselves to his mind as the diversities of civilized government and law present themselves to the mind of the political observer: mainly in relation to the diverse conditions and requirements of the communities in which they are found.”

On his return to England in the following year, Mr. Bulwer went direct to his mother's house in London, and found her just going out. She persuaded him to accompany her, though he was fatigued by his journey and in no humour to appreciate the mild delights of a literary tea-party.

There, in one of the rooms not yet invaded by other guests, they renewed their *tête-à-tête*; and whilst thus conversing, Mrs. Bulwer Lytton suddenly exclaimed: “O Edward, what a singularly beautiful face! Do look—who can she be?” An elderly gentleman was leading through the room in which they sat a young lady of remarkable beauty, who, from the simplicity of her costume, appeared to be unmarried.

My father, thus appealed to, turned his head languidly; and with a

strangely troubled sensation, beheld (to use his own phrase) "his fate before him;" in other words, his future wife (vol. ii. p. 33).

This lady was a Miss Wheeler, whom he married in 1827, although his mother was greatly averse to the match, and did all in her power to prevent it. The second volume contains a vast number of letters her son wrote her upon the subject, both before and after the marriage. His arguments failed to overcome her opposition, which was founded on motherly susceptibility, prudential motives, and a foreboding that the lady was not suited to her son. These fears proved but too well-founded; the marriage, as every one knows, was not a happy one. The bridegroom himself seems to have had some vague misgivings, as a short time previously he writes to a friend:

You will deem me a very unreasonable person to be dejected and wretched at the very moment I ought to be most joyous and light-hearted. Prepare, *ma belle amie*, prepare! I am going to be married!!! And that very soon. My intended is very beautiful, very clever, very good; but alas! the human heart is inscrutable. I love and am loved. My heart is satisfied, my judgment also. If the life before me is not free from difficulty, anxiety, labour, yet in the contemplation of these my courage feels only a consciousness, which should be joyous, of power to overcome them all. And still, I am wretched. My plan is, after marriage, to hire a large old-fashioned house I have found in the country, neither near London nor yet very far from it; to live there in great retirement for three years, and give myself wholly up to literature; in which I hope to earn some of that "breath of fools" which the knaves have wisely called reputation (vol. ii. p. 144).

Until his marriage Mr. Bulwer had been a literary *dilettante*. After that event he became what may fairly be called a professional author, dependent on his pen for nearly the whole of his income; for he had given up the liberal allowance he had hitherto enjoyed from his mother, refusing to accept her bounty while she withheld her love. A painful estrangement had ensued between the mother and her favourite child; she refused to see him, or to hold any communication with her daughter-in-law. He gave himself up to incessant and systematic literary toil, for he was not one who was well able to live on a slender income. He liked his house to be decent and graceful, his table well served, and his establishment efficient and orderly. Unfortunately his wife's dislike to the management of money, and her refusal to trouble herself with "the vile details of household affairs," proved a source of disappointment and of discord.

However, to promote her enjoyment he seems to have thought no expenditure extravagant. Her earlier letters make frequent and affectionate mention of his wish—notwithstanding his “uncongenial habits”—to please her in this way; sending her a “little Christmas box” consisting of a huge box from Howell and James’ full of the most beautiful dresses and shawls; followed on New Year’s Day by “a bracelet that must have cost him Heaven knows what.”

During his first years of authorship he composed slowly and laboriously, but afterwards with great rapidity, rarely correcting a line. Many of his works were elaborated in the course of the long solitary walks and rides which he took daily. The transfer to paper of the ideas which formed themselves in his mind whilst he took this bodily exercise involved a sedentary process very irksome to the natural restlessness of his great physical activity; from this he found relief in tobacco-smoking. Of his habits we are told

He was a moderately early riser, generally up and about by 8 a.m. It was his habit to walk at all seasons and in all weathers for nearly an hour before breakfast. From breakfast till luncheon, at half-past one or two o’clock, the time was devoted to composition and correspondence. . . His breakfast generally consisted of a piece of dry toast and a cup of cold tea, or hot tea impatiently tossed into a tumbler half full of cold water; the remains of which he generally carried away with him into his study—stalking out of the room, silent and preoccupied, in dressing-gown and slippers (dressing-gown long and flowing, slippers the most slipshod), with staring eyes like those of a sleep-walker. . . The afternoon till four o’clock was employed in exercise or social intercourse; literary work was resumed from four to six, and from ten till twelve or later (vol. ii. pp. 159, 161).

Such was his ordinary day at Woodcot, but the work he accomplished there must have called for many hours of extra toil. “So incessantly is Edward occupied,” writes his wife, who felt keen disappointment at having so little of her husband’s society, “that I seldom or never see him until about two or three in the morning for five minutes.” And when they were together, the nervous irritability produced by over-tasked faculties—for the unremitting toil told greatly on his health—frequently found vent in harshness, and an ominous shadow soon began to creep over the sunlight of their love, which not even the birth of their first child tended to dispel. But it is time to glance at the result of his labours.

In 1828, when he was twenty-five, *Pelham* appeared. This is perhaps the best of his works; it was not an immediate success, but a few months after publication it had achieved enormous popularity. The publisher gave him £500 for it, and it is said that had this novel been declined, Mr. Bulwer was resolved never to write another, but devote himself to politics. Once we are told, when everybody was talking about *Pelham*, the author was stopped by a college friend, who exclaimed: "I had no idea, Bulwer, that you had it in you to write such a book!" "Well," he replied, "no man knows what he can do till he tries." The book was rapidly translated, and obtained an European reputation. *The Disowned* appeared next, being followed in rapid succession by *Devereux* and *Paul Clifford*. Considering the author's youth and inexperience, there is abundant matter for surprise in the wealth of conception and ideas which could produce in so short a time works so dissimilar. *Paul Clifford* was the first of that class of fictions which are termed *romans de tendance*; its ostensible object is "to draw attention to two errors in our penal institutions, viz., a vicious Prison Discipline, and a sanguinary Penal Code." These novels were supplemented by a multitude of contributions to periodicals on subjects of ephemeral interest, besides short tales, poems, sketches, &c.

Meanwhile the prolonged estrangement from his mother was a cause of perpetual mortification and unhappiness to him, and when his relations with the press necessitated his removal to London, her refusal to see his wife was a continual source of embarrassment. At length she yielded to his persistent entreaties, and consented to receive him and to visit her daughter-in-law, but the old cordiality was not at once revived, and the reconciliation between the ladies was very half-hearted.

The year 1830 was one of great political excitement and disturbance; and when in the following year, on the agitation about the Reform Bill, a general election took place, Bulwer-Lytton had an opportunity of fulfilling his long-cherished wish to obtain a seat in Parliament. This portion of his career is not entered upon in the present volumes, but an interesting account is given of his friendship with Mr. Disraeli. The relations between these two writers of fiction were most cordial, and the interest they took in each other's work and success was genuine. The friendship between them never cooled, but circumstances diminished their intercourse.

They had strong opinions and sympathies in common, and appeared for a time to be travelling the same road. Both were throwing off in works of imagination the thoughts and feelings of the world around them. Both had set their hearts on getting into Parliament, that they might play their part in the one grand arena of politics. Both were successful in the double career they adopted. But the highest success of one was in politics, and that of the other was in literature (vol. ii. p. 326).

As time went on their paths in life diverged. It was the master ambition of Disraeli to take a high place among ruling statesmen, whereas in Bulwer-Lytton the passion for literature predominated.

The book ends with a fragment of an unfinished novel—a satirical sketch of contemporary fine life. Many of the fragments given in these volumes have an autobiographical interest, the descriptions of character being often a transcript of the author's own idiosyncrasy. Opinions will differ as to the wisdom of printing so large an amount of unpublished MS. Some readers will doubtless like to read it, but we think the majority will pass it over. But there can be no difference of opinion as to the general and abiding interest of the records here given us of a man of extraordinary genius.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

THE deep bell of St. Stephen's has tolled midnight over the cold night air, and the tones of St. Paul's have answered in their solemn bass. The night is gusty, even for January, and heavy sheets of rain are dashed across the thinning highways, and whipped into the faces of watchers and workers on the black river.

The solemn midnight tolls over the vast city, over the halls of revelry, the dens of misery, the wild orgies of a godless crew, in the halls of the west, and the slums of Wapping, over the expiring glories of scenic and orchestral illusion, over the tragedies of real life, in every street, on every house and its mysteries, over the vast silent Necropolis, with its pale, shrouded dead sleeping the last sleep amidst the piping and dancing crowd of shadows, over the huge spectral ships, with the night storm, whistling wildly through the cordage, and telling strange tales of mutiny on the high seas and ghastly famine in open boats under tropical suns; it tolls, and its solemn sounds proclaim another day ended and another begun in the awful race of time to the great unseen, in that delirious fever-fit, that chaotic dream, that poor purposeless, vain, profitless, yet noblest, grandest, most heroic drama of this little life of man.

There are wakers and watchers and night rovers, but London sleeps; the sleep of the weary, of the wretched, of the wicked; the sleep of exhaustion, of debauch, of grief; the restoring sleep of innocent youth, the delirious sleep of passionate manhood, the broken sleep of age, the heavy sleep of disease, and deepest of all, the sleep of death. And London dreams. It is in that mysterious dream-world, the boundary-land of life and death, the problem of philosophy, the puzzle of physics, where the soul takes mystic flights and plunges into the deep

ocean, on whose bank we shiver, with its gift of many tongues, and its higher tones, and its visionary world, and its much communing with angels.

The fair babe dreams in its rosy cot, dreams sweetly with parted lips and downy cheek—bowers of beauty and forms of glory hovering round its little pillow, and flashing and shining across the firmament of infant purity and peace. The lover dreams a golden dream of life's great holiday, of joy without alloy, of balmiest airs and sweetest music, and the fairest of fair faces, and an avenue of beauty; the strong man dreams of a starry future, of a ladder of fame, of songs of praise and crowns of light; the good man dreams of life's afterglow of a splendour of sunset, a radiant night, of a reign of justice and a realm of peace; the sinner rocks and moans as he dreams of victims oppressed, of innocence betrayed, and the faces of the outraged rising in dreadful judgment round his weary pillow; and the old man dreams of the days that are past, of the faces that are gone, oh, so long, of the tunes that gladdened and sweetened his day, of the holy times of infancy, when sin was unknown, and he sees far, far away, forms of the loved and lost, a shadowy, shining band, stretching out their loving arms to him, and beckoning the weary wanderer to come, come soon.

The night draws on over the sleeping, dreaming city, with its millions going to their doom so fast, so fast—there by the black river. The wild winds and sleet drive through its thoroughfares, they scourge pitilessly the faces of the desolate, shivering with heavy, aching eye-balls under the railway arch; they moan, they lash the doorways and the casements of the casual ward, with its burthen of disgrace and infamy; they cool the fevered brow of the gambler, they chill with a death kiss the starving mother and drooping orphans in the fireless, hopeless dens and cellars of despair.

Sleep on, dream on, great city, hurrying to the shadowy land; you cannot wake too late for many. Sleep on, for the day-dream to which many of your people wake is big with horrors, with scorching tears and darkest tragedies, and it were well not to wake again till the deeper sleep takes you to the great dream-land, where this strange dream of shadows shall obtain coherence.

But there are wakers and watchers, and a father is seeking his son, wearily, painfully, despairingly, in the slums of infamy, in the resorts of despair. Footsore, faint, parched, heart-sick,

he wanders on as he has done for many a night, as he will do till heart and flesh shall fail, and he drops into the great dream-land. He has looked into the tavern, he has hung round the police-courts, he has worked his way into low billiard-rooms, he hovers round the casual ward, he even penetrates into nameless dens of infamy, and when the haggard faces, the drunken oaths, the ribald laugh, accost him, surge round him, he looks them all over with an infinite weariness and an endless pity, and so he passes out into the darkness and the storm, pursuing ever his weary way and fruitless search, and when the streaks of dawn appear, and he stumbles back exhausted, beaten, to the poor watching mother, in that dismal home in Bennet Friars, his search will have been vain, and he will go forth to the day dream of his tragedy, unnerved, despairing, but brave and heroic to the end.

There had been another watcher—the son, who had been otherwise engaged. He had not lacked company; but the sleepers in the casual ward and the tenants of the gambling-booths would have been safer companions than the company James Fuggles had found that night.

The old house looks very grim and ghostly in Bennet Friars. The shutters rattle, the windows shake as the gusts of wind sweep up the court. The aged, shrivelled trees groan and creak in the blast, and the rain comes down in sheets on the damp, dismal little graveyard. A solitary lamp flickers faintly in the mist; no footstep is heard but the rare tramp of a policeman, with heavy tarpaulin cape, shaking the wet off his shoulders, as he looks up the place to see that all is right.

But all is very far from right in Bennet Friars, in this same dark, dismal January night, though the clock has not yet struck eleven—for we must revert to an earlier stage of the evening. The place looks abandoned, like a city of the plague; the grim, gaunt offices are fast closed; nothing is heard but the rush of the wind up the passages, and the drip, drip of the rain from the spouts. Business has long since ceased in the city, and this active arena of envy, malice, and wickedness has finished its work for one day.

At length, as the church clock of the old tower hard by the deserted graveyard points to a quarter to eleven, two shadows flit up the passage rapidly, with light and cautious steps, and stop in front of the office of Breakspere, Stunner, and Fibbins. After a very short pause a key is produced by the

shorter shadow, the front door is opened with some effort, and the two mysterious personages enter the dingy, musty hall, smelling of dry rot and parchment.

All is dark within, but the shorter shadow again produces a dark lantern which he had kept concealed, and by the aid of its light, which only makes the ghostly house look still more sepulchral, they unlock and enter the law offices, first of the clerks, and then of the principals of the firm. The shorter man throws off his outer wraps, wringing with wet, and stands before us, a thick-set, bull-necked young fellow, with a face that may have been once amiable, but out of which all comeliness has long since been driven by a life of dissipation. This is James Fuggles, the object of the old soldier's nightly but fruitless search.

But the other dark shadow finds him, for he has wrought upon his weak and self-indulgent nature, and moulded him into a convenient tool. Passing through many downward steps of degradation, James Fuggles, billiard-marker, gambler, and swindler, is not so very unlike many in a higher sphere, who put their hand to anything, good or bad, that pays; and the stranger, beginning by bribes, holds him at last committed, his victim and his slave.

James Fuggles had turned out very ill. His father was poor, but trustworthy, true as gold. You might have trusted the Bank of England to his keeping, without losing a silver sixpence. The good old mother was faithful and brave in much toil and trial, and had denied herself all things in life to feed and clothe and train her darling boy. But there are evil men in Christian lands and humble walks of life, and James Fuggles was drawn to bad companions and evil ways. Cases of theft occurred, mainly through the corrupting influence of this dark shadow; and though James was never turned out of doors, his father's warnings and temperate reproaches were so many stripes to his conscience, and his tendencies to profligacy sent him forth from a useful, honest post he held as office boy, to cock-pits, thimble-rigs, Aunt Sally, and "welshing."

The "dark shadow" had long had his eye on him as a useful tool, for he knew a dreadful secret that kept the unhappy boy chained and helpless at his feet, to do his bidding in whatever might be most crooked and shameless.

"Are you sure they're out?" asked James, with terrified looks and trembling accents.

"Hold your tongue, and do your work!"

The lad looked utterly miserable, but said nothing.

"Come," said the voice sharply, "nerve yourself—we have no time to lose!"

"Oh, sir!" burst out the miserable boy, "could not you find some one else to do this work? Anything in any other place to serve you, but not here."

"Silence, hound! and do my bidding" (he spoke as if he were addressing a crouching dog), "or I will not shield you any longer. It was our bargain."

"Oh, sir, I would do anything but this, and here.—What's that!" added the wretched boy, starting at some creaking sound produced by the wind.

"Come, come," said the voice, "I stand no trifling. Here, take the key."

This argument seemed to rouse up James Fuggles, who with shaking knees and ashy-pale countenance began to fumble about with the key at the iron fire-proof safe of Messrs. Stunner and Fibbins.

"What papers is it, sir?" he asked, almost gasping for breath. "Could not you take them yourself, sir, while I hold the light—my fingers tremble so."

"You fool!" said the voice between its teeth, in a savage whisper; "take them yourself!"

"What book is it, sir? I cannot find it.—What's that? a noise again!"

"Make haste, fool!" said the voice, still in a hoarse whisper, and laying his hand heavily on the young man's shoulder.

The poor craven creature started as if stung by an asp, and after much fumbling brought out a pocket-book from the strong box and safe of Mr. Fibbins.

"Open the book, and see if the notes are there."

Shaking with fear and trembling at every passing gust and pattering drop, the wretched boy did as he was bid, and then waited for further orders from his master.

He took the bank notes, looked at them, and then said:

"Put them back in the pocket-book, and button it up in your coat. You shall have your share."

The shadow gave an ugly grin.

"Oh, spare me, spare a poor fellow, who never did you any harm!" and the wretched boy fell on his knees and held out his trembling hands to his tormentor.

One moment the stranger looked down at him, with a dark smile giving a ghastly hue to his shadowy features ; then raising his hand, he smote him on the mouth.

"Get up, you cur, and do as you're bid!" and a terrible threat was uttered by the dark shadow, while in an agony of terror and shame the victim's hands closed on the pocket-book and conveyed it to his own coat.

What was this dark shadow ? The figure might have passed for Walter Cummins's, but the tones scarcely. And yet, and yet

Very sepulchral looked the dismal house, very ghostly its winding passages, ominous and big with judgment sounded the moans of the wind down its old staircases, as the rain dripped, dripped in pitiful tears, while the deed of darkness was being done, as the tyrant pushing his victim out of the front door closed it behind them.

They were only just in time, for footsteps were heard approaching. An elderly female came up the passage, leaning on the arm of a healthy-looking, cheerful youth of nineteen. He is not her son, but he guides her with filial care and leads her gently to the door. Just before they reach it two shadows disappear behind a tombstone in the old graveyard.

As they were about to enter, the old woman turned and looked kindly at the boy.

"It is but a sad house to ask a lad into," she said ; "not like your own home. Thank you, William ; your mother is happy in having so good a son. Go back to her."

William Chuckles was the boy of Dr. Bogue and Mistress Bogue, the errand-boy—twenty, but always "the boy"—merry, quiet, and honest, the joy of the heart of his old mother, Mrs. Chuckles, who was their housekeeper and an old friend of the family, and who cherished her son more than the brightest jewels of the crown ; for indeed he was of priceless value, growing up to be her stay and comfort in her declining years, since Ben Chuckles, able seaman, had been lost at sea in the bright days of her youth.

Mrs. Fuggles was intimate with Mrs. Chuckles, and many an evening did she pass at Dr. Bogue's housekeeper's, the good woman trying to comfort the disconsolate mother, while the old soldier paced the streets, in storm and rain and snow and frost, seeking and seeking, but never finding his loved and long-lost son.

The poor mother closed the door and went up wearily to her room, and waited and watched and waited and watched for the faithful step she knew so well, but when at last it came, it was alone—alas, no son, no son!

O Jamie! Jamie! it were better for thee to have been buried deep down with the forgotten sleepers in the little old graveyard below, than to have meddled with this night's work!

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BREAKSPERE and her son Walter were together in their breakfast-parlour, a few days after Christopher's departure and the discovery of the robbery in the office at Bennet Friars.

"It is very strange certainly—the coincidence is, to say the least, remarkable," observed the lady.

"It wears a suspicious appearance," rejoined Walter.

"Very unpleasant for us at any rate, as people do not clearly distinguish. We had best make a virtue of necessity, perhaps."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Walter.

Mrs. Breakspere's meditations had latterly taken a very mysterious as well as crooked direction, and it was not easy even for her son to detect the drift of her thoughts.

"No direct proof can be brought forward, I know," continued Mrs. Breakspere, "but the circumstantial evidence is strong."

"And that frequently affords the strongest proof," added Walter; but I do not quite follow your reasoning."

"This evidence may come rather conveniently to throw doubts in people's minds. You see so little is needed to raise suspicions, and once firmly rooted they are difficult to remove."

The minds of mother and son had been already committed to a downward course, and here was another temptation, not of their own seeking, to descend to a lower depth. The opportunity was certainly not of their own devising; on the contrary, it seemed to be put into their hands by Fate. Why should they reject their good fortune?

"Explanations will be sought and given, and how are these to be met and directed?" objected Walter.

"Well, my dear, I dare say events will shape themselves to our advantage. There is wisdom in patience and silence."

"Perhaps it might be expedient to enlist the services of

some safe person to look after foreign correspondence," suggested the lady, after a little further consideration.

"It's awkward work tampering with letters, mother, if you mean that."

"I mean that half-measures are always feeble and lead to failure." The woman's hard eye and grim chin looked doubly repelling as she spoke. Walter felt the influence of a stronger will.

"I think I know a man will suit our purpose. Thomas Grimes of the Information Office lives close to the District Post Office for Bennet Friars."

"Secure him and make it worth his while. Meantime we will watch the course of events."

Mr. Breakspere on going down to his office, the day after his son's departure, had been met by grave, suspicious looks, and the ugly rumours which connected the recent robbery with his son's name distressed him, though they could not for a moment shake his confidence in Christopher. Coming home weary and depressed in the afternoon, he wrote a letter to the latter, telling him at once all about this untoward event and pressing him to give a direct and full denial to the suspicions. Altogether unconscious of the manœuvres of Mrs. Breakspere and Walter, Mr. Breakspere intrusted the letter to Walter, and of course it never reached its destination. Christopher's letters had been directed to the office in Bennet Friars, by a little pecuniary manipulation with Thomas Grimes, information agent, these, too, Walter Cummins succeeded in intercepting or destroying.

The dark rumours gained in strength, and Mr. Breakspere's distress eventually reached such a point that, considering his nervous temperament and delicate organization, Dr. Bogue began to apprehend the most serious consequences. Nevertheless, Mr. Breakspere never for a moment had any misgivings about Christopher. But he was deeply pained that any shadow of suspicion, however ungrounded, should cross the bright path of the Breaksperes, and he felt that, in the absence of any tangible proof against his son, the suspicions of embezzlement, however ridiculous, would point to himself. Still, though of a simple, ingenuous, and singularly frank nature, he knew enough of mankind to be aware that of all the cardinal sins, persistent calumny is perhaps the most damaging. And while he knew full well that, as a rule, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, he thought it expe-

dient to confront the other members of the firm, and in a clear straightforward explanation, demonstrate to them the absurdity of implicating Christopher in the matter, as he could be proved to have left London some hours before the theft occurred. As to himself, he declined to enter into any justification or explanation, leaving it to their experience of his character to clear him of the faintest aspersion on his fair name. The partners appeared satisfied with this conversation, and assented at least ostensibly to the suggestion that some stranger must have entered the house and committed the theft.

Thus for the present the matter dropped, but subterranean mining, conducted by clever hands, was at work to demolish the Breakspere interest. Rumour, or rather calumny, with her thousand tongues, was busy destroying the peace and position of Mr. Archibald and of his son. The poisoned arrows of slander flew about quietly and secretly, and the elder Mr. Breakspere was soon made to feel that his good name was going from him. He was no longer met with the same cordiality as of yore by many of his business friends in the City. At dinner parties, and in public meetings, he found the cold shoulder turned upon him by those even who had been hitherto supposed to be his fast friends. Dark hints had at last reached Premium House, where the banker and his household shook their heads over the "suspicious scandal" down in Bennet Friars.

All this secret agitation was watched and helped on with much satisfaction by Mrs. Breakspere and her son. Mr. Archibald's health was visibly shaken by these continued vexations, and this served their purpose admirably, for as the sequel will prove, they had a deep design and dark purpose in view.

In their soaring schemes they hoped to efface the elder and the younger Breakspere, and to grasp the colossal fortune of Mr. Breakspere of New York, and by the machinations of Walter in the Lombard Street Bank, they looked not only to his obtaining a partnership in that concern, but also to his securing the hand of Beatrice, the heiress to the vast possessions of the owner of Premium House. To effect this they were perfectly unscrupulous as to the means. The mother and son were unusually logical in the way in which they carried out their Calvinistic principles, and, viewing themselves as vessels of grace and of election, considered criminal actions in a venial light.

Dr. Bogue was a Scotchman, who formed no exception to the proverbial shrewdness and solidity of the national type.

He had considerable originality and depth of thought, he was not averse to progress in his science, and he had sufficient discretion to approve, and even adopt, certain improvements in advance of the age, without obtruding them or exposing himself to misrepresentation and slander—the usual rewards of inventors and benefactors.

The Scotch doctor inhabited a comfortable suburban villa in a populous neighbourhood, where the combined effects of clay soil, patent drainage, and London water, with the normal English conditions of intoxication, secured him a sufficiently lucrative practice, notwithstanding, or perhaps promoted by, the presence of a few score of medical practitioners within a radius of half a mile.

As becomes every eminent professor of the three black arts (law, physic, and divinity), Dr. Bogue had published a book, in itself not a very remarkable fact in an age whose special and painful affliction is scribulo-mania. But it so happened that Dr. Bogue's book had real merits, and as, unlike most compositions of the day, it was not written in a popular and attractive form, it had failed to secure the popularity it so well deserved. His elaborate *Treatise on Laughing Gas* (nitrous oxide) was condemned to adorn chiefly the shelves of second-hand booksellers in Tottenham Court Road, and some stray pages had even been found used to wrap up the produce of the butter at a neighbouring dairy, a celebrity which the doctor had not anticipated in his wildest dreams.

To solace him under the trials of authorship, Dr. Bogue had three supreme comforts, calculated to heal the most irritable wounds of literary disaster. He had the best of sisters, the most complacent of housekeepers, and an admirable tobacconist three doors off, who supplied him with snuff warranted to clear the brain after the most aggressive attacks of literary critics.

Mistress Bogue was one of those women who never wax old, with a fair, clear complexion, still showing the ingenuous blushes of youth after the mature age of sixty, and in the brightness of her eye and the dimples of her cheek and chin, she displayed the conserving effects of a happy temper and of a good conscience. Mistress Bogue was overflowing with the milk of kindness. Charity was by no means cold in her heart, and it began at home. Her many perfections were, moreover, brought into greater relief by two weaknesses, one of which was Dr. Bogue, and the other the Free Kirk, incarnate in the person

of the Rev. Tobias M'Braggart, who had announced and postponed seven successive times the exact period of the end of the world. Though by no means devoid of accomplishments, Mistress Bogue had no pretension to literary or artistic refinement. Her brother's utterances were to her distinctly oracular, and she viewed with superstitious reverence that tremendous treatise on *Laughing Gas*, without at the same time comprehending two consecutive pages of its mysterious lore. Finally, Mistress Bogue ruled all the household discipline of the learned doctor with a wholesome and kindly despotism, being in her turn subject to the compelling sceptre of Mrs. Chuckles, the excellent housekeeper, who was always so tidy and smooth and placid, that she seemed to have come fresh from a glass case or band-box for the spectator's special edification.

While Mistress Bogue showed in her attire a chronic tendency to russet brown, perhaps to mask a still stronger tendency to snuff, to which she was even more partial than the doctor, Mistress Chuckles affected a permanent liking for iron grey, having been informed by some elderly admirers of hers that it suited her complexion.

On the particular evening with which we are engaged, shortly after Christopher's departure from London, there was a momentous gathering in the drawing-room of Dr. Bogue.

It was not a dinner party, nor was it a ball, Doctor and Mistress Bogue having recently come to the conclusion that they were no longer young people. It was nevertheless a most formidable affair, as appeared from the unusual agitation and flutter of the russet-brown and iron-grey petticoats. Mistress Chuckles it was who, with the usual imprudence of her sex, let out the wonderful secret, having announced to her friend Mrs. Fuggles that "the doctor was a giving a grand conservatory," an expression which exercised deeply the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Fuggles the whole afternoon, who referred it to some dreadful nocturnal rites akin to Freemasonry, till Fuggles at length, after severe mental labour, enunciated the opinion that it must be a "Meetin' of his Liberal friends, whom he would turn into 'Conservatories' by a good dose of his laughing gas."

After a due supply of strong tea and very bad coffee had been brewed by Mrs. Chuckles, and anatomical rows of beef and ham sandwiches were ready piled on trays of the dimension and shape of stretchers, Thomas Grimes, information agent, and on Sundays clerk to Mr. M'Braggart, was pressed into the

service as butler, footman, and valet, turning out with a very long, pale face, shiny black trousers of very scanty dimensions, and an enormous white choker, one of the insignia of his office at the Free Kirk. Thomas Grimes was one of the elderly admirers of Mrs. Chuckles, and since the jolly face of young Chuckles had vanished in the suite of Christopher, to the deep regret of his fond mother, the dismal looks and sour apple face of the Free Kirk clerk had frequently exhibited themselves in the back kitchen of Carbolyc Villa, the suburban residence of Dr. Bogue.

As the evening drew in cabs and four-wheelers with very steady horses began to drive up, depositing middle-aged ladies and elderly gentlemen of demure and didactic countenance, conspicuous for a large amount of shiny bald head when they uncovered in the hall.

The two drawing-rooms, front and back, united by folding doors, on the admirable pattern followed by London builders, were filling fast, and the hum of voices began to wax louder, for the "conservatory" that had puzzled the brains of the Fuggles was one of Dr. Bogue's exceptional conversaziones given to a select society of scientific friends, and enlivened by certain mysterious rites connected with laughing gas and electrobiology.

Towards the witching hour of eight, when the rooms appeared to contain as large a circle of scientific friends as was admissible, without producing asphyxia, Grimes made his appearance, looking like a mummy suddenly revived, and conveying a large stretcher, covered with funereal urns and elegant vases, supposed to contain the best infusion of Mistress Bogue's nervous green tea and coffee.

After a considerable consumption of these beverages, which seemed to stimulate the nervous excitability of the select circle, Dr. Bogue began the legitimate proceedings of the evening by reading a paper on certain trials made with laughing gas at the Zoological Gardens.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it has seemed to me that the value and power of this great providential agent of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, could in no way be better tested than by its application to the brute creation. The difficulty was to make irrational animals submit to the process of inhalation. This difficulty has been removed by the ingenious invention of my assistant, Dr. Fogie, at Ralph's Hospital, consisting in what may be called Fogie's muzzle, a specimen of which will be

handed round presently. Before proceeding further, I ought to have stated that, by the kindness of the Curator of the Zoological Gardens, my colleague and I have received permission to make free experiments on the various animals confined therein.

"Dr. Fogie and I proceeded to divide the animal kingdom between us, my attention being centred in the mammalia, while my colleague was engrossed principally with the ovipara.

"The effects of laughing gas on the giraffe were very peculiar. I need not remind you that this animal is remarkable for the great length of its neck. Now, no sooner had it inhaled a considerable amount of the gas, than it began to stalk away, straight before it, with the strut of a Prussian drill-sergeant, keeping its long neck rigidly fixed in one position, and carrying the head so elevated that it seemed to disregard all sublunary objects, thus contradicting Ovid's statement that man is the only animal that looks at the stars.

"In fact our giraffe was so absorbed in star-gazing, like some of our philosophers, that it completely lost sight of the ordinary surroundings of life, and, as its pace was rapid, it began by charging and overthrowing the band, which was playing a lively waltz, and ended by a general crash in a greenhouse. I think it may safely be inferred from this valuable case, that the stubborn rigidity of certain stiff-necked people and others, who carry their heads so high that they overlook everyone but themselves, might be rendered pliant and reduced to shape by a judicious system of ventilation, calculated to neutralize the deleterious effects of the overdose of noxious gas from which they suffer.

"One more brief example and I have done. Among other animals, I thought it would be instructive to test the effects of the gas on the ass—the wild ass, or *asinus campestris* (Linnaeus). I selected a fine specimen for the experiment, and proceeded to administer a draught of nitrous oxide.

"You will be perhaps surprised to find that it took effect in a perpetual and sonorous bray, of what musical professors would style a metallic *timbre* and a diapason of great brilliancy. I ought to add that the bray took the shape of a most artistic chromatic, and that it had the singular result of making all the donkeys of the garden and of the neighbourhood bray chromatics in chorus. In short it was an epidemic of braying.

"This was perhaps the most profitable of all our experiments, in a medical and also in a social point of view. It was now evident that laughing gas is one of the greatest boons conceded

to humanity. Speech, and more particularly public speaking, are the highest expression of human reason, and evidences of an advanced civilization, but, unfortunately, we know too well that it is not always the man of high or deep thought or cultivation who is the ready speaker. Great thinkers and scholars are apt to break down in their speeches.

"Now here is a sovereign remedy, or rather preventive, for all such disasters. Let every man called upon to advocate a sentiment or hold forth a principle, take a due allowance of laughing gas, and there is no fear of his coming to a stand-still.

"I have only to add that not only will the gas help halting orators and hoarse public singers to rise triumphant over their difficulties, but an extra dose would be an effectual cure for that class of exuberant public speakers and long-winded preachers who afflict our day and generation with excessive braying."

The paper of Dr. Bogue was welcomed with enthusiastic cheering, and when the excitement had subsided he proceeded to bring forward a tall emaciated man, with blue steel spectacles and a sandy stubby beard, who was introduced as Dr. Fogie of Ralph's. As he was rather nervous and hesitating at the outset, it was suggested by a jolly rubicund patient of Dr. Bogue, a partner of the great firm of Stingo, Bock, and Co., brewers, that a little laughing gas might help to set him braying. Fortunately the remark was inaudible to the orator, who, clearing his throat and settling his cravat, read out the contents of a crumpled paper:

"At the request of my learned *confrère* I applied this wonderful gas to the *ovipara*, which had been committed to my care. Out of the many curious results that I elicited, I shall single out two or three for the instruction and amusement of this learned circle. Among other birds I selected the large family of parrots, and administered the gas simultaneously to several fine perroquets and mackaws. The result was a general attack on their neighbours' backs, which they pecked most unmercifully, accompanied with a screaming and screeching that rendered all attempt at reasoning or even talking impracticable.

"The only possible way in which I could put a stop to this woeful state of things was by isolating all the females, from whom all this backbiting seemed to originate.

"I infer that this experiment gives a useful suggestion for meeting one of the greatest curses of modern society."

The sentiment did not appear to meet with approval from the scientific ladies present, who expressed their dissent by a violent shaking of ribbons, ear-rings, and fans, and Dr. Fogie was fast lapsing into a state of irremediable confusion, when he was rescued by loud and sonorous applause from the mass of shiny bald heads constituting the male audience. Dr. Fogie evidently felt it a great relief when he had concluded.

Meanwhile, the Scotch doctor proceeded to inaugurate the second act of the evening's entertainment, by introducing a great don and learned professor as a patient under the influence of electro-biology. Dr. Lamplighter was a member and correspondent of many learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic, who had acquired European fame by a profound and elaborate treatise on a new description of bug, which he had found adhering to the skin of porpoises, and which had received the name of *Punica Lamplighteri*.

This great pillar of modern science was a gaunt man of about sixty-five, extremely bald, with a receding forehead, who wore his hat at the very back of his head, and exhibited a whole armoury of black fangs rather than teeth, which a frequent grin unmasked, to the terror of the uninitiated, and presented altogether a convenient specimen of the *homo primigenius*, whom his learned friends had pronounced to be an ape deprived of his tail by the principle of natural selection.

The great Dr. Lamplighter was seated in the seat of the scornful, for he evidently viewed with contempt all Dr. Bogue's puerilities, to judge from the horrible grin that proclaimed to the assembly his approaching triumph over such new fangled ideas. The assembly was mute and wrapt in silent attention as Dr. Bogue commenced his awful incantations. For a time all remained unchanged and the patient looked defiance at the operator.

By degrees, however, as the gas took effect, a change passed over his countenance, and the distinguished scientist appeared to lapse into a condition of hopeless idiotcy. Now was the time for the display of Dr. Bogue's cunning, and giving way to a spice of mischief evoked by the professor's incredulity, he made considerable sport of the discoverer of the *Punica Lamplighteri*.

Now it happened that Dr. Lamplighter, in consequences of his valuable services to science, had been sent out by Government on board a sloop-of-war, on a cruising expedition in the

South Seas, in order to elicit some wonderful facts of natural science from the bottom of the ocean. The effect of the laughing gas was to lead Dr. Lamplighter to imagine himself once more on board the vessel, and comical indeed were the blunders and mistakes he made in consequence. The company were convulsed with laughter, but, however comical to witness, the aberrations of the learned Professor whilst his ordeal lasted would afford but little entertainment to the reader, were we to detail them here.

The last experiment of the evening was made with Mr. Breakspere, who, under the mysterious influence of electro-biology was made to deny his own identity, and eventually to confound himself with a certain female sovereign of great influence and personal charms, and to regard the bald-headed, bespectacled gentlemen present as Court beauties, and the ladies as stalwart beef-eaters, and body guards.

This episode created great hilarity, and there was much laughter in the ante-room and lobby, while the mature ladies were putting on overshoes and mackintoshes, and the men were exchanging hats and umbrellas, generally to their own advantage.

Shortly after Mr. Breakspere had vanished amidst a crowd of four wheelers, carrying off the pillars of science and their parasites, a dark figure, with coat collar turned up, came down the stairs, and as in passing to the door, Walter turned his sinister face to Grimes, who, we must remember, had in his capacity of waiter been a witness of the strange proceedings, and whispered to him :

"I want to see you to-morrow about something that may be to your profit. Come at eight."

The man gave one slight glance, followed by a nod, and Walter passed out into the darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

It is early morning at the "Jungles," and as our French neighbours word it, "the season is not gay." The delightful chronic neutral tint of a London sky overarches the prospect, a few unextinguished gaslights flicker in the gloom, the highways are inch deep in a mud, forming the most patent of adhesive plaster—in short the scenery is charming.

Walter Cummins was not generally an early riser, but on the morning which followed the conversazione at Dr. Bogue's he was down at the street-door betimes to receive Thomas Grimes, who sneaked in with silent footfall and furtive looks, like some uncleanly creature, bred of the night.

"Come in and be quick," said Walter, in subdued but harsh tones. He led the man into a little back parlour, and cautiously closing and locking the door motioned to Grimes to be silent, without having noticed that Winifred Waif, intent on her household duties, had disappeared in Mr. Breakspere's inner *sanctum*.

"You heard the goings on last night?" began Walter.

"Yes, sir! you mean the mad folks?"

"Well, yes; but you must distinguish. Some were playing, you know, and others really were out of their wits."

"May be so, sir; looked all a crazy lot together. Dunno how I could make out one from t'other."

"I'll tell you, Grimes, and that's what I asked you to call for. The mad folk will be well paid for, and I will spot them. You will only have to testify to their insanity. Do you understand my meaning?"

A flush seemed to pass over the sallow cheek of Grimes, as he turned to cast a sinister look on his companion.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he said after a pause. "I'm your man, only let me know the list."

"Well it's a short one, but the pill you swallow shall be well gilded. The governor's gone clean daft."

"What governor?"

"Why old Mr. Breakspere, of course. You saw him last night, you know. But £100 down to the eye-witness. Now then, will you do it?"

"In course, sir, it's a bargain! I'm not a man to forego that."

"Good! but I want something more; Dr. Bogue——"

"What's he to be crazed! That be a harder job."

"That's not it," replied Cummins; "he must be shelved for a bit by a convenient illness. A little mistake in a draught will do the business; but take care not to make it too strong. Or, stay," he continued after a moment's reflection, "I'll give you the brew and you can manage it through Mrs. Chuckles."

"And another £100 for this, is't?" asked the man, eyeing Walter with the look of a fiend.

"Oh, no! £50 will do this time."

"Agreed! I'm ready when wanted."

"It will be soon, and mind you're as silent as the grave."

"Trust me, sir; I'm not new to this line of business."

"Thought as much," muttered Walter, handing the man a fiver as an earnest. After some further talk in a tone inaudible to Winifred, he showed Grimes the front door, and closed it discreetly after him.

Meanwhile Winifred crept out from the inner room, and ran against Walter as she was issuing from it. Unfortunately, she had only heard broken sentences, but enough to suspect a conspiracy.

A momentary expression of rage passed over Walter's face, but quickly commanding himself, he asked her in a curt tone of authority, "What she was doing there?"

"Business of master's," replied the fearless girl, with a frank, courageous look.

"Has he made you his clerk?"

"What makes you ask that?" This was said with an expressive look, as she swept by Walter and went below.

On her departure Walter paused for a time, resting his head on the palm of his hand; then, after an interval, looking up with a face in which a variety of evil passions were strongly marked, he said in a harsh undertone: "Yes, it must be done, and at once."

CHAPTER V.

THREE weeks had elapsed, and we find ourselves again within the hallowed walls of the "Jungles." But several changes have occurred in the interim, and it promises at length to be tenanted by a very godly household.

It is the visiting hour. Mrs. Breakspere is there, looking very imposing in a light tea-gown. Walter, too, is there, though these are office hours, and he is seldom at home at such a time. But he appears to have a special call on this occasion.

There is also a third person, a lady of portly dimensions, florid complexion, and great loquacity. This is the relict of Mr. Judy, a thriving hatter in the East End, who had not only made the cap fit on other people's heads, but had crowned his own days with peace and glory, and left his widow to

flourish in splendid suburban retirement, and form one of the main pillars of the Rev. M'Braggart.

"Mercy on us! Can it be possible? Who could have believed it?"

A litany of similar lively ejaculations followed in rapid succession from the lips of the lady, as her large, expressionless eyes were riveted in a vacant stare on the countenance of the step-mother.

"Ah! my dear!" proceeded this worthy person, her eyes directed piously aloft, "it is indeed a grievous dispensation, a most heavy trial, but the back is shaped to the burden."

"In this case is it Mr. Breakspere's or yours?" inquires Mrs. Judy, most innocently.

"Well, of course I mean myself."

"Oh, I see!" put in the hatter's relict, evidently struck by the lucid language of her friend. "What you say is so true."

"Yes, indeed, my dear; man's days are few and full of trouble."

"It was so sudden too," went on the hatter's relict. "It quite took my breath away when I heard of it. If it is not an indiscreet question, may I ask if he'd been odd long?"

"Oh, my dear! it's a most painful theme"—applying sal-volatile. "Poor dear Mr. Breakspere, to think of his head being turned by that reprobate son of his!"

"You don't mean to say, —"

"Ah, well!" we won't go into that, but it's all his doing. We were so united, so devoted."

"Dear, dear, how very sad! but how did it show itself first?"

"My mother is too much overcome by her feelings," interposed Walter, "and, without at all dwelling on so heart-rending a grief, it will suffice if I tell you that since the departure of Mr. Christopher matters have come out casting serious doubts on his honour and honesty. Mr. Breakspere's infatuation for his misguided son has caused him to feel so deeply this discovery and consequent disgrace, that signs of mental alienation began to show themselves very shortly. There was much talking to himself; his conversation became incoherent, Latin and Greek authors were quoted at cross-purposes, and on one occasion he went so far as to confound himself with the reigning Sovereign, and to take the company present for his Court."

"Lor! you don't say so," exclaimed the hatter's relict. "Well, now, only to think of that. How it must have wrung

her heart, poor dear. I can feel for you, Mrs. Breakspere, yes, feel for you as a wife and a mother."

"Ah! my dear, you have evidently known these trials;" said the step-mother. Whether she remembered a certain proverb concerning hatters, and applied it to her friend's late husband, we cannot tell.

"Poor dear! but perhaps he'll come round; you must take comfort; what does Dr. Bogue say?"

"Not a chance, ma'am," broke in Walter. "Dr. Bogue is on the shelf I fear for life; a case of paralysis, accompanied with childishness; but both Drs. Raven and Tay have pronounced my poor step-father's recovery hopeless. It is some satisfaction that he is quite quiet and harmless, and most comfortably placed under a skilful man, who receives a few nervous patients."

"Well, my dear, we must lay our burthen on the Lord, who trieth the heart and the reins," added Mrs. Judy, taking leave of the depressed step-mother.

No sooner was she gone, than Mrs. Breakspere started up with much agility from the suffering attitude she had assumed, and casting away sentiment and sal-volatile, laid her hand firmly on the arm of Walter, and looking into his face with a hard determined look—"It could not have been better," she said, "if we had arranged it. Mrs. Judy is a walking gazette, and our version will go the round of this parish and many others."

"So far so good," replied Walter sternly, "but now for other matters. Our plans develope and our prospects brighten, but there is still work before us. The son may be safe with a bullet through his head, the father is fast at Crazybank, Dr. Bogue is muzzled for a season, and Winifred locked up on a charge of theft. Yet there is much to do to secure the legacy in America, to trap old Parr, and win his daughter."

"Anyhow, Walter, we have begun bravely, and to turn back would be the shuffling course of people who let themselves be defeated in duty by fanciful scruples. We are not of such soft stuff; let us proceed, and tell me your next step."

"I go down to Ragsville next week, and with my hands full and a ready tongue I shall bring in old Parr for the Liberal interest at the next election. His gratitude will after that give every opportunity for my suit, and the legacy of old Breakspere's New York brother secure in my hands will crown the structure of our fortunes."

"Well devised, Walter ; your shrewdness and strength of mind bespeak your mother's son ; go on and prosper."

With looks of sinister sympathy mother and son parted, both to plunge into the darkness of those deeper depths of crime ordinarily shunned by more scrupulous natures, whose conscience makes cowards of them all.

Meanwhile Winifred had managed to run over once or twice to Dr. Bogue's, and using her influence over young Chuckles, had induced his mother to part with her darling, who went by the first train to Vienna to join Christopher and try to enter the Austrian service as volunteer. Mr. Archibald's letters being intercepted, Christopher had written to Dr. Bogue and apprised him of the decision he had come to.

It was agreed by Dr. Bogue and Winifred that Chuckles should observe complete silence with Christopher on all appertaining to the suspicion of his share in the robbery at Bennet Friars. The matter was not yet ripe for exposure, but they hoped to elicit some clue to the mystery. Meanwhile it was better that Christopher's mind should not be disturbed with such a painful theme, involving so deeply his honour and probity, for with his fiery, fearless character, he would probably forego at once the advantages offered to him in the Austrian service, and hastening home plunge, perhaps, into greater trouble and get implicated hopelessly in the meshes of a vexatious law system, before palpable proofs could be produced to clear him completely.

It was also resolved to keep the mind of Mr. Breakspere as calm as possible, and in his present excited state not to add to his worries, by insinuating suspicions of the abstraction of his letters through some conspiracy.

An outfit and money were furnished to honest Chuckles, who was charged to stick close to Christopher, to guard him from all mischief that might be devised against him at home, and to see to his comfort and health as his soldier valet.

How this honest little conspiracy was partly marred, and the intelligent efforts of Winifred to lay bare the intrigues of the Household of Grace were brought to an untimely end, will be shown in a later page.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF ST. MILDRED.¹

MANY an English maiden rejoices in the name of Mildred, but comparatively few know anything of the great Saint whose name they bear—"Mildretha benignissima, proles regum clarissima," as an old hymn in her honour piously describes her. Most Londoners are familiar with her name in connection with the well-known Church of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, and St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry. If Thanet has ceased to venerate her Saint, yet the name still lingers not only in the parish churches erected to her honour, but in St. Mildred's Bay, St. Mildred's Road, and even St. Mildred's Hotel. But of late Thanet has regained a treasure which she had lost. The relics of the Saint were brought back thither in 1882 from Deventer in Holland. They were deposited in the Convent of the Benedictine Nuns at Minster, where they now remain.

Mildred was born about 660 on the borders of Wales, where her father reigned as King of Mercia. Her two sisters Mildgyth and Mildburg were both saints. She is said to have fled from her home to avoid marriage with a young Frank, and to have taken refuge for a time at a village in Flanders, called from her Millam (Mildred's village). There hiding for a time, she returned to England, and was received into the convent at Minster, where she ere long became Abbess, and after a life of sanctity died about 725, surrounded by her sorrowing community.

The records which remain respecting her are rather scanty, and legend is mingled with fact. The little volume lately published respecting her has the merit of careful and critical accuracy, and the author very truly remarks respecting the old writers of saints' lives, that they "made it their first aim to seize upon the essentially beautiful, and often were less anxious about

¹ *Life of St. Mildred*, Abbess of Minster in Thanet. London: R. Washbourne, 1884.

its accidental surroundings than we should be now-a-days." He himself has made truth his aim and object, and has told in simple unambitious style the story of St. Mildred's life. As a sample of his style we give a short extract respecting the chapel of the Saint in Flanders (p. 83):

St. Mildred's chapel lies in a broad and fruitful valley, midway between the Communes of Millam and Merkeghem. A sluggish brook glides noiselessly beside it, under deep shadow of the ash and willow tree; and all around are fields of rich cereals and green pasturage, save northward, where some spare traces yet remain of a vast primæval forest. This chapel and the brook beside it, called *Sinte Mulders beek*, are places of pilgrimage highly famed in the surrounding country. From miles and miles around fever-stricken people come there to perform their devotions and drink of the brook's healing waters. And many are the graces and favours obtained through *Sinte Mulders'* intercession, if the people's voice speaks truth.

2.—NOTES ON THE CAUCASUS.¹

This recent writer on the Caucasus has fittingly described both himself and the nature of his work; he does not seem to have followed any particular route marked out beforehand, and the jotting down of his various observations and adventures has been so unmethodical as to lead to occasional repetitions. Military matters were evidently foremost in the author's mind, and the most valuable portions of his book are devoted to the discussion of Turkish and Russian Campaigns, and the history of former Turko-Persian warfare. Our Wanderer, however, touches upon a variety of subjects with a hand ever free and bold, so much so indeed as to dash off an anecdote here and there, more happy in its vivid illustration of men and manners, than edifying to the general reader.

For mountain scenery Circassia is claimed as perhaps the most beautiful country in the world; but its rich soil, splendid forests of all kinds of European timber, and fine clear streams full of fish, are all bereft of inhabitants, except for a few insignificant stations along the eastern shore of the Black Sea, populated chiefly by horse-stealers, loafers, and drunkards from various parts of the Caucasus. The Circassians, originally a brave, manly race, living in a sort of republic, were finally

¹ *Notes on the Caucasus.* By Wanderer. London: Macmillan and Co.

blockaded and starved by Russia into submission. Sooner than live under Russian domination, they migrated into Turkey—an unfortunate step, which only led to their further ruin, as their land, cattle, horses, all went for nothing. Thousands of men, women, and children died from want of air and other hardships on their ill-provided voyage to Varna and Trebizond, while numbers more perished through starvation, disease, and exposure on the inhospitable coasts of Anatolia. The Russian Government, after spending some millions of money, besides hundreds of thousands of lives in subduing this now abandoned country, has done nothing whatever with its acquisition. Above a year's residence gave to the writer more than a wanderer's acquaintance with the past and present of Circassia; hence the interest of his information regarding its people, their religion, independence, and skill in many crafts.

In contrast to the Circassians, the Georgians are pronounced to be the most tolerant of all the different races gathered together on the heights and plains that surround the great Circassian range. They are the most indolent in character, and, on the whole, get on best with everybody. No place within their district seems to have been more Russianized than the considerable town of Tiflis, of which, and especially of its society, we have a very spirited and amusing account.

As might be expected, there is not much solidarity in Tiflis society. People are friendly enough outwardly when they meet, and do not sit glaring at each other without speaking unless formally introduced (as Englishmen do in clubs and elsewhere); yet Russians somehow usually dislike Germans; Germans dislike and affect to despise Russians; both hate Armenians, and the feeling is reciprocated. Poles, again, hate and despise Russians, Germans, and Armenians—everybody, in fact, often including each other individually. Mahometans in the Russian service often keep aloof. To foreigners, especially if matinal in their habits, Tiflis society presents the drawback of being too exclusively nocturnal. Much of the procrastination and dawdling of Russian officials is notoriously owing to their way of making amusement a primary and business a secondary consideration; and this the intelligent foreigner will find is contagious. The result is that few foreigners mix much with Russians; those who do often finding reason to repent having done so.

From the moment the traveller descends the southern slope of the Georgian plateau he is in Asia proper. The heat, which was previously softened in the low-lying localities, here becomes intense, and the natives have a dried and blackened look. Yet

in winter the cold is fearful, more than Canadian. The character of the Armenian is not favourably drawn by his visitor.

The educated Armenian's *summum bonum* of civilization and freedom appears to be to dress in European clothes made by a decent tailor, to talk two or three European languages, and yet in business matters to continue an Asiatic, without being thought the worse of or coming to grief by so doing; he is at present, in fact, getting to play the "irrepressible nigger" rôle in Russia, with the difference that the nigger is not in society, whereas the Armenian is, and means to keep there. The Russians, who have created him, now, like Frankenstein, begin to find him a nuisance, and do not exactly know what to do to get rid of him. He *will not* be snubbed, or kept at a distance; he goes to Government schools and colleges, crams steadily and passes examinations; he pushes himself into all sorts of good berths, and, once in, helps others of his race up; while in commercial life he monopolizes, by combination, every branch of trade, and beats the careless, easy, slow-going Russian trader even in his own country.

The Karyas Steppe, a huge barren plain lying south of Tiflis, though deserted during the summer, becomes the rendezvous of the Kizilbash Tartars for grazing purposes in the winter months. These Tartars are an active, well-built, and hardy race. As horsemen they form the very best material for irregular cavalry in the Caucasus. They are, besides, obedient to orders and submissive to discipline and military regulations. Their countenance is somewhat forbidding, and they do not stand high for morality, but they have as much contempt for boastfulness as for servility, and are above all pilfering or cheating. A long and circuitous post-road leads down into the Valley of Kakhetia, the richest part of the Caucasus, perhaps indeed of Asia Minor, and a regular "Land of Goshen, Capua, and Castle of Indolence."

It is about eight miles in breadth, counting from the foot of the wooded mountains on each side of it, from which flow hundreds of rills of water conducted by little canals over the gradually descending slope to the river in the centre, and fertilizing every part of it at pleasure. You ride through a wilderness of vineyards, fruit orchards, melon patches, corn fields, and great groves of walnut trees, the nuts of which are so soft shelled that you can crack them between your fingers. It is impossible to imagine greater abundance. You see fruit everywhere; even the hedges and surrounding jungles are full of wild grapes, apples, pears, medlars, and hazel nuts, and in the spring, of roses and wild flowers much finer than their European congeners and

varieties. Passing a large fortified monastery above the road we came in about an hour's ride to Telav, the principal town of the west end of the valley, a solid stone-built and stone-paved street running along a sort of ridge, with a small bazaar and old fortified church in the centre, vineyards and gardens everywhere.

The narration of incidents is pleasingly diversified by our anonymous author with sparkling anecdotes highly characteristic of many an adventurous career and violent change of fortune resulting from an undisciplined temperament and the restless struggle ever going on between opposite parties and nationalities. In summing up his general view of the Russian character he deals out praise and blame with a ready and impartial freedom.

Educated Russians are usually polite, courteous, and affable, without hauteur, exclusiveness or reticence. With some of them these good manners are merely a veneer, covering Asiatic insincerity and falseness; but with the majority it is, I believe, genuine. They are all, however, rather given to talk largely and loosely, and say whatever comes uppermost—to *blague*, in fact. On the whole, they are good-natured and kindly, fond of society, conversation, and anecdote. At the same time, their friendships are rarely "solid," many of them are very fickle and changeable, careless of obligations, &c. They dislike methodical work or exertion. They do not like moving, but, once got underweigh, will go a great distance in order to get the journey over. They attach extraordinary value to foreign languages, and gauge people pretty much according to their proficiency in foreign tongues, which they look upon as the "open sesame" to everything. With Russians speech is golden, and silence copper. They cannot believe in a man who is not talkative and amusing. With them civilian public opinion is, though not non-existent, of no account, military men and military opinion govern everything, including the Emperor himself, who is strictly a military man. It follows, therefore, that any person endeavouring to forecast what turn Russian policy is likely to take should consult the motives that influence and direct the *militaires*, who, in reality, sway the councils.

3.—WESTERN INFLUENCE IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.¹

If a Japanese engineer were to set about the construction of a locomotive or an ironclad, but at the same time should make up his mind to ignore all the principles and productions of European science, we should scarcely consider his proceeding

¹ *Západnoe Vliánie v Nóvói Roússkói Literatúre* (Western Influence in Modern Russian Literature). By Alexis Vesselovsky. Moscow, 1883.

very rational, to whatever motive we attributed it. The simile is all too utilitarian, but we shall scarcely deny that its application extends to literature as it certainly does to the fine arts. Or, supposing each people of Europe, taking its stand upon some idea of national pride, had decided to strike out an alphabet of its own instead of availing itself of the Latin characters, common to all the most highly civilized nations, and which even "Celt and Saxon" agree to use as the best instrument of written expression, we should probably look upon such peoples in much the same light as our hypothetical engineer.

Yet such an attitude of isolation is really, to a great extent, the position of that still large section of Russian society which professes to eschew the progress achieved by the West during centuries of struggle; and believes, or fancies it believes, in the possibility of working out an independent Slavonic civilization. These views are not limited to the future; a natural outcome of them is to minimize and ignore or actually disclaim the advantages derived in the past from the nations of Europe which were the great dispensers of civilization. It is not for Westerns to demand an acknowledgment for the benefits which have flowed eastward from the European workshop.

Wer die Wohlthat nicht empfand die ihn verbindet,
Dem wird sie umsonst erklärt;
Des Wohlthäters Rede löschte,
Gleich dem Schwamm, die Gütthat aus.

A Russian professor of great erudition and wide acquaintance with the literatures of Europe, has, however, undertaken the task of pointing out to his countrymen some facts forgotten or ignored by too many of them, bearing upon the indebtedness of Russian letters to the literatures of Europe, and especially of England, France, and Germany. He shows with an irrefutable apparatus of evidence, not only how Western influence pervades the whole of what may be called Russian *belles lettres*, but how even the very lights and ornaments of Russian literature were indebted to the great writers of Western Europe. Though M. Vesselovsky modestly professes, at the outset of his volume, not to say much that is new, his knowledge of European literature has enabled him to trace many instances of imitation in Russian authors back to foreign originals, where such imi-

tation was previously unknown and unsuspected. One brief passage on this subject is all we have room to quote.

Lessing tells us how he often found his friend Mylius, who did a great deal of journalistic work, surrounded with English books, the leaves turned down at the most telling passages. When he wished to discourse upon German home matters to his readers, Mylius used first to peruse an article of the *Spectator* or the *Tatler* which seemed suitable to the occasion, and fit his ideas into the framework thus obtained; the chief themes of ridicule were pointed out and repeated with little alteration, as the purpose of the advocates of enlightenment, whether English or German, was in the main the same. The case was similar with us; some periodicals, indeed, like *Profit and Pleasure* (1769), consisted chiefly of translations and adaptations, while others, taking more independent ground, learned from foreign examples the art of deriding native shortcomings. A dashing sketch of old-fashioned superstitions rife on the other side of the Moskva River, printed in the *Vssiakaya Vssiachina*, or *Hotch Potch*, the hero of which stumbles along from one mishap to another, has every appearance of being taken from nature; the outline of the story, however, will be found in the English *Spectator* (i. 7), though the Russian adaptation is so skilful as to read exactly like a thoroughly original production. Moreover, the form of various satirical articles was copied from English models, &c.

Mr. Vesselovsky sets an excellent example in furnishing his book with a very serviceable index, a feature which works of far greater pretension often lack. We confess to a kindness for that librarian who wished to burn all books unprovided with this most useful adjunct.

We spoke of the author's "apparatus of evidence." The expression is perhaps a little too formidable. It is not implied that his work is a mass of references and dry enumeration of facts. Far from it. The author conducts the reader on in very agreeable style from writer to writer, and we can only regret that his work is likely to find so few readers in this country. We may hope, however, that some day we shall have professors of Slavonic history and literature in England, and that Englishmen may come to know more—they could scarcely know less—than at present, about the great Russian nation for which there must surely be a great future in store.

4—DRAMATIC SKETCHES BY OUIDA.¹

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. These wise words of the prudent Laocoon occur naturally to our minds, as we take up a fresh volume from Ouida's accomplished pen, for her literary gifts, though always attractive and original, are not always to be received into our midst with confidence and security. To the present work, however, we can give a cordial welcome, as, resembling in this the world-famed horse, it possesses the irresistible charm of novelty, no small one in days like these, when the greater part of the innumerable works of fiction wherewith we are well-nigh overwhelmed are so terribly and wearisomely alike.

Frescoes is a collection of short stories, the first of which gives its name to the rest, and is told in a series of letters. There is no plot, or almost none, for the end may be guessed from the beginning; and the charm of the tale lies in its graceful and flowing style, and the keenness with which the follies and extravagancies of modern society are exposed and satirized. Lady Charterys, a countess in her own right, having succeeded to the title in default of male heirs, is a young unmarried woman, rich, beautiful, and the owner of vast estates. Desiring to have the ball-room of her country house painted, she writes to one of her guardians, who is in Italy, requesting him to find her some one to do the work. He sends over a penniless but handsome and accomplished artist to whom the Countess soon yields her haughty heart. Into the mouth of this man, Leonis Renzo, the authoress puts her own not flattering estimate of our country people and their ways. Here is a description of Lady Charterys from his pen.

The sketch I send does not, I confess, do her full justice. She is handsomer than a few lines of red chalk can describe. She has the wondrous blush-rose skin of the best English beauty. I did not think it could be natural; she would be a perfectly beautiful woman if her mouth were not so contemptuous; and her eyes have an impatient, dissatisfied expression; it is the look of a cynic, not of a young Venus. I presume she has had the misfortune to want nothing all her life, which is almost as bad as wanting everything. I told her that in Italy, if I had a few coppers to buy bread and fruit, and a few colours to paint with, I was quite content with my *déjeuner de soleil*. She yawned

¹ *Frescoes*, &c. Dramatic Sketches by Ouida. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1883.

a little, and said she had been a whole winter in Italy; she did not care about it; she had liked the riding on the Campagna. She supposed when people could paint, it amused them very much, for she knew Leighton and Millais, they never seemed to be bored anywhere; but she did not see how it could be amusing to do it, though it looked pretty when done. She said she knew women went in for art, it was all the rage just now; but she did not go in for it herself, they only made dowdies of themselves; your *couturière* knows what you ought to put on better than you do. Though others had come up, she still thought Worth better than any of them; when you had a costume of his, and a bonnet of Mrs. Brown's, you were sure to be all right. Then she opened her large, contemptuous eyes, and seemed surprised that I did not reply. I never had heard of Mrs. Brown!

It is plain she thinks me a barbarian, and I confess I think her one—only occupied like a true savage with her beads and feathers; the whole domain of art, and fancy, and meditation closed to her; her whole horizon bounded by a blank vast wall of egotism and inanity! (p. 18).

And again, here are some of his impressions of English life and manners.

I am here alone, with the exception of this legion of servants who seem to me to do nothing but eat, and yawn, and dress. The place grows on me for all that, and were there only fewer rainy days, there would be little of which to complain. The grandeur of the yews and cedars, of the huge oaks and of the long avenues of lime-trees is always solemn, quieting, and beautiful. When the day grows too dark to paint more, I go out into the park, the home woods, as they are called. . . . I am becoming afraid, I candidly own, of getting too used to this life of *lusso*. I have always seen bare floors, bare walls when I had not scrawled over them, the simplest furniture, the simplest food, a dish of soup, bread, fruit, a little flask of *nostrale* wine making up my banquet; but now—so soon does one learn bad habits!—now it seems quite natural to find my bath filled for me, my clothes brushed, and ready, my wants all anticipated, a table spread thrice a day for me alone, with egg-shell china and Queen Anne plate, and all sorts of dainties and French wines, while two powdered giants move round one as noiselessly as if they were mice. . . .

The days go by drearily, and are very cold and dark! I am glad when the night comes, and the lamps are lit, and the big dog, Berwick, and I are alone in this library, which has become almost a home to me. The head-keeper asked me yesterday if I would not go out shooting. I could see that no words could have measured the might of his scorn when he heard that nothing would induce me to kill any bird or beast that lives. The entire household think me a harmless lunatic, but they begin to like me. . . . It was *Natale* yesterday; at the end of my

solitary dinner they brought me the national pudding, a gorgeous, indigestible globe; I thought it very nasty; Berwick approved and ate it (pp. 57, 85).

All Lady Charterys' friends are aghast when they discover her feelings for the nameless Italian. Fortunately for all concerned, while she is away at Cannes, Renzo re-arranging in the library the engravings which the late Earl had collected during his residence in Italy, touches a hidden spring in an old cabinet and discovers a record of the marriage of his mother, a lovely Italian peasant, to the late Earl; so that he himself proves to be the rightful heir to the title and estate. He is hesitating whether to reveal the fact, when the Countess unexpectedly comes home, and confessing her love for him, asks him to marry her. He avows his long-concealed affection, and this pretty story ends happily, as all stories ought to do.

Next to *Frescoes* in length and importance comes *Afternoon*, a delightful little sketch, in the form of a series of conversations between a variety of persons, all mutually acquainted. It might easily become intricate and involved, but the threads are kept perfectly free from entanglement, and the characters of the different persons well sustained. The scene is laid in Rome, and the story turns on the matrimonial misfortunes of a certain Lord l'Estrange, who, twelve years before the reader is introduced to him, united himself in a moment of rash folly to a pretty French peasant. In the following extract the Princess Sanfriano talks over the tale with the Marquis of Ipswich.

Princess. "She was a gardener's daughter; Tennyson has sanctified that."

Ipswich. "She was a gardener's daughter, and he saw her first hoeing potatoes."

Princess. "Pineapples!"

Ipswich. "Potatoes! Princess, excuse me, but people don't hoe pineapples, and she was hoeing!"

Princess. "Very well, if she were? She did not brain him with her hoe! She did not ask him to marry her."

Ipswich. "That was his Quixotic chivalry. He has repented it ever since."

Princess. "He ought to be haunted to his dying day. The Lords ought to have impeached him and hanged him in Palace Yard."

Ipswich. "Dear Princess, be reasonable! What did he do? You can't have heard the right story. He married the French peasant when she was fifteen—beautiful as a dream, that I grant, but ignorant! Oh

Lord, you don't believe me, I see, but I assure you she tried her gloves on her feet, and asked the servants to warm her first ice!" (p. 153).

The poor little wife after a year of marriage was sent by her husband to a convent in Paris for two years in order to be educated, and was supposed to have drowned herself in despair at her husband's coldness. Meanwhile she has not really drowned herself, but as years went by has, singularly enough, developed into a most talented and successful artist. Lord l'Estrange meets her at the house of her friend the Princess Sanfranio, and without recognising her, falls deeply in love with her, under her assumed name of Madame Glyon. He even talks to her about his unlucky marriage, and there is an amusing passage in which he gives her an account of her former misdemeanours at a Drawing-Room.

Madame Glyon. "Is it so very long ago?"

L'Estrange. "Ten years, eleven, twelve—it is not the length of time, it is the strange delusions that possessed me which make it seems impossible to me that I ever was the man laughed at by all Europe for presenting at an English Drawing-Room a French peasant's daughter."

Madame Glyon. "Did this peasant do anything very strange at the Drawing-Room?"

L'Estrange. "Strange? No not that I remember. She was shy and stupid, of course, like a little sheep; but I think my mother hustled her through without accident; only when the Queen spoke to her she answered—I suppose from sheer force of habit—*Merci, ma bonne dame!*"

Madame Glyon (with a cold smile). "You should have sent her to Tower Hill for treason."

L'Estrange. "You are pleased to laugh; I can assure you it is no laughing matter to have such a joke as that against the woman who bears your name running like wild-fire through all the clubs of London. . . . At every turn she irritated me, annoyed me, confused me before my friends, made me look like a fool—as the vulgar phrase runs. She was as lovely as the morning, but as ignorant as the little swine she had been used to drive to find the truffles (p. 199).

Then follows a good deal of by-play. Madame Glyon is aware of her false position, and expresses her feeling in these forcible words.

How can any one in a false position be altogether right to any one? A false position is like a wrong focus in photography: it distorts everything.

Of course, as the reader expects, a reconciliation closes the little drama.

Camaldoli and *In Pitti* are much slighter and shorter sketches, but in the same style; the former gives an amusing description of the ways of society which *Ouida* is such an adept at portraying, and the latter has the added interest of being founded on fact.

The essay wherewith this volume concludes seems somewhat out of harmony with the lively and amusing sketches which precede it, and which will serve to while away very agreeably an idle half-hour. In defending herself from the charge of unrealism, the authoress appears to miss the point at issue, and argues as if were she to quit the higher spheres wherein she loves to place her heroes and heroines, and to depict scenes of low life, she would silence the criticisms she deems so unjust. For our part, we fail to understand how it could be easier to keep the rules of perspective in delineating the peasant's cottage than the prince's palace; and we cannot help thinking that the unreality her critics complain of lies rather in the artificial, hot-house existence of some of her characters than in her manner of portraying it, although she may at times be guilty of a certain amount of exaggeration.

5.—TRUE MEN.¹

This is another of those excellent works, which our Catholic brethren on the other side of the Atlantic are never tired of putting forth. It is a work which is deserving of a wide spread circulation in these realms. Its aim is to place before men of the world in every walk of life, the main principles which should guide them in their course through life, holding up before their eyes the picture of the Holy Family at Nazareth, as the model to be imitated, but not disdaining to make use of any example in every day life to point a moral. One of the most charming features of this interesting and instructive book is the number of pleasant, well-chosen tales scattered up and down its pages to enforce the lesson before the reader. It will no doubt give a clearer idea of the amount of ground covered by the author to enumerate the headings of several of the chapters. There are

¹ *True men as we need Them.* By Rev. B. O'Reilly. New Edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Sons, 1883.

chapters devoted to the Professional Man, the Statesman, the Toilers of the Pen, the Journalist, the Business Man, and last but not least, the Labouring Man. Even the King upon his throne is not neglected, for he has that most excellent model of royalty, St. Louis the Ninth of France, repeatedly set before his eyes.

Many of the difficulties which make married life so full of misery, unhappiness and crime are very clearly portrayed, and the illustrations given of the evils of irritability, fault-finding, and moodiness, deserve not only perusal, but long, deep serious meditation. Of course that most terrible curse of modern time in these realms, viz. drunkenness, is not forgotten. This is a book which in these days of universal education should especially be brought before the notice of the poorer classes. Would it not be possible for the Catholic clergy in this country to promote to a far greater extent than has hitherto been done, the circulation of Catholic literature? In conclusion, the following extract may be taken as a sample of the true principles advocated so ably by the writer :

Give us therefore, in the conduct of life, men who have a purpose, who know what they have to do, and are determined to succeed, whose firm trust in God above them only increases their faith in themselves ; *men who neglect nothing*, who constantly discipline their own minds, their own hearts, and exercise over their own powers and passions a sovereign control : men whose watchword in all their undertakings and difficulties, in all their alternations of bearing and forbearing, is *duty* ; and who in their labours, their successes, their failures, find themselves superior to fatigue, to good or ill luck, to praise or to blame, because they begin and persevere and hope against hope itself, through a sense of duty, of a sacred debt due to God and their own conscience.

6.—GRAMMAR AND LOGIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.¹

It is somewhat startling to the ordinary Englishman, on first opening a book, to come upon a dedication to "The Ladies and Gentlemen of all English-speaking Universities;" such nevertheless was our fate when we took up *Grammar and Logic*, by J. W. F. Rogers, Inspector of Schools, Sydney. Further examination shows the book to be divided into three parts : the first

¹ *Grammar and Logic in the Nineteenth Century*, as seen in a Syntactical Analysis of the English Language. By J. W. F. Rogers, Inspector of Schools, Sydney. London : Trübner and Co., 1883.

of which consists in a demonstration of the proposition that "Words must be classed according to their uses or functions," in which we cordially agree with the author, though we think him wrong in supposing this principle unknown to all previous grammarians. The second part is a school analysis of English sentences, which we think would be more useful if bound separately. The third and largest part is an attack on received principles of logic. Here indeed we can reverse the criticism made on the first part, for it contains many new and wonderful things, to which we should very unwillingly subscribe. As an illustration of the author's confusion of thought, Cardinal Newman, among many other illustrious writers, comes in for some pitying contempt from Mr. Rogers, for his "scant attention to the specific differences of sentences;" His Eminence's sins being, it seems, that in the part which he contributed to Whateley's *Logic*, he defined a proposition as "a sentence indicative, the characteristic difference of which is its affirming or denying," and yet in the *Grammar of Assent* wrote, "Propositions (consisting of a subject and predicate united by a copula) may take a categorical, conditional, or interrogative form." It seems strange that a man should take to writing on grammar and logic, without even understanding that while the former science treats of all possible sentences, the latter is necessarily confined to indicative propositions. Surely he need not have gone beyond the definitions of the two sciences to have penetrated the reason of this. It will be consoling to Catholics to learn from Mr. Rogers that "Aquinas" "added to the minimum of the schoolmen's faults the maximum of their merits," but, that we be not over elated, we learn also that St. Thomas' "admirers study his writings very little." Our author sets us a good example by not only reading but translating a short passage from the Commentary on Aristotle's *Organon*, in which we note among others evidences of his familiarity with scholastic philosophy such renderings as, "Socrates is in the nature of things," for *Socrates est in rerum natura*. Truly, as Dr. Ward remarked in reviewing an attempt of this sort, one need be very familiar with the original to understand such English.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THERE is a good deal of strange verse written now-a-days which it is hard to classify exactly either as poetry or prose. Frequently enough, too, the subject treated of is not more commendable than the manner of its treatment. Mr. Britton, in his *Lay of the Lady Ida*,¹ does not incur this too generally deserved censure, and gives us some blank verse not unworthily recalling, in spite of some inequalities, the graceful simplicity of language which charms us so much in Tennyson's Idyls. The sentiment is good and the moral tone pure. Though sufficiently blameless in this respect, not quite so much can be said for the workmanship of many of the other pieces contained in this volume. "Queen Bertha," though a fairly well told story, is often too abrupt in its transitions, nor is the same smoothness of versification quite so well kept up, while "Monk Ilsan" is foolishly pointless and historically impossible. Individual monks no doubt sometimes did and said strange things, but they did not put lance in rest and join openly in knightly tournaments with lay barons, either to gain wreaths of roses or anything else. But on the whole there is promise in most of these verses, and if the writer will eliminate an occasional tendency to be somewhat unrefined in a chance expression here and there, we may look forward to Mr. Britton taking his position among the versifiers of the day.

We have read with much pleasure a work entitled *The Castle of Roussillon*,² translated from the French of Madame Eugénie de la Rochère by Mrs. J. Sadlier. The tone of the book is admirable throughout, and pleasantly inculcates the great lessons

¹ *The Lay of the Lady Ida*, and others Poems. By J. J. Britton. London: Remington and Co., 1883.

² *The Castle of Roussillon*. Translated from the French of Madame E. de la Rochère by Mrs. Sadlier. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

of mutual forbearance and mutual charity. The authoress has been very happy in her choice of characters. We soon learn to love and reverence Father Alphonsus and Espérie de Roussillon. The story is founded on the terrible cruelties and excesses of the Huguenots in the sixteenth century. The scene opens in Quercy, and the misfortunes of the house of Roussillon are graphically depicted. It is this vivid word painting which constitutes the great charm of the book, making us tremble for the safety of good Father Alphonsus, and shudder at the atrocities of De Vaillac. There are many passages of great beauty and pathos, which space will not permit us to quote, and indeed a few isolated extracts would give but a very imperfect notion of the beauty of the whole. Our readers will find much enjoyment in the perusal of this little work, and we feel confident that they will close the book with a feeling of regret on having arrived all too speedily at its conclusion.

A book³ translated by Father Faber, republished by the active zeal of the Bishop of Salford comes to us with very high sanction. All clients of Mary will be interested in a work about our Blessed Lady of which the former wrote: "I have translated the whole work myself, and have taken great pains with it, and have been scrupulously faithful. At the same time I would warn the reader that one perusal will be very far from making him master of it. If I may dare to say so, there is a growing feeling of something inspired and supernatural about it, as we go on studying it" (Preface, p. xxv). That this is not exaggerated praise, we can judge by the Bishop of Salford's dedicatory letter to his clergy: "I well remember how enthusiastically Mgr. Newsham, the venerable and beloved President of Ushaw College wrote [about De Montfort's *Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*] and recommended it in all directions. Last summer . . . I gave a whole week to the constant and exclusive study of it, and have been frequently reading it ever since. One result of this study has been a full realisation of Father Faber's words" (p. 8) quoted above. We need not add more to recommend this beautiful little work to any of our readers who are not already familiar with it. They will find in it the most practical suggestions for a loyal service of our dear Mother, including within it the heroic act for the souls in Purgatory. Here too they will find the most thorough devotion to the

³ *A Treatise on the True Devotion of the Blessed Virgin*. By Grignon de Montfort. Translated by W. F. Faber. Third edition. Price 2s. Burns and Oates.

Mother made one with the sincerest worship of the Son. Many will be induced by it to renew or make a thorough consecration of themselves to their Queen, and will be reminded of days long past, when they first offered themselves to her, so feelingly called to mind in the Dedication: "I well remember the grave moment of publicly pronouncing this religious consecration to her in the Sodality Chapel at Stonyhurst, now forty years ago. To consecrate oneself to her is an instinct of the Catholic Faith, and a practice very widely spread in England" (p. 6).

Many feasts are celebrated in particular dioceses or churches with an octave, during which the office on any free day will be of the octave. As the special lessons then required are not included in the Roman Breviary, they have been collected in a special volume known as the *Octavarium Romanum*. Pustet of Ratisbon has lately published a new edition of this supplemental volume to the Breviary.⁴ The work is printed in the clear bold type for which the firm is well known, and on excellent paper. As far as we can judge great accuracy has been secured. The volume is made up of a preliminary dissertation on octaves, followed by a selection of rubrics on this subject; the body of the work consists of the Propers which have been granted for the octaves of various saints, and the Commons to be used for the octaves of diocesan patrons, and saints to whom particular churches may be dedicated. The latest concessions of the Congregation of Rites for the octaves of the Sacred Heart, Patronage of St. Joseph, and others, are collected in the Appendix.

The Knout ;⁵ a tale of Poland.—This volume is a simple tale containing the history of one of the many unwise and unsuccessful attempts which Poland has made to shake off the Russian rule. The title of the book appears hardly suitable, as the formidable instrument of punishment whose name it bears, plays but a very unimportant part, and does in fact come into use only on one single occasion. The hero of the tale, Count Raphael Ubinski, loves the beautiful daughter of a powerful nobleman, Count Bialewski, who is one of the chief instigators and promoters of the ill-starred rebellion. The young couple are married secretly, before the fall of Warsaw decides the fate of the Polish army, and gives the Russians complete mastery of

⁴ *Octavarium Romanum*. Ratisbonæ: Fridericus Pustet, 1883.

⁵ *The Knout ; a Tale of Poland*. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

the place. The bride however remains with her father and shares his sorrows and misfortunes, which are many and various, his only son Casimir being killed almost before his eyes in one of the many skirmishes which took place. The old Count being on one occasion compelled to conceal himself for a time, his daughter is subjected to a severe chastisement with the knout, for refusing to betray his hiding-place to his enemies. Finally, as may readily be surmised, they are both banished to Siberia, where the faithful Raphael soon after contrives to rejoin them in the guise, not of a fellow-prisoner, but of a deliverer. With his help they manage before long to effect their escape, and when the story closes, they are settled in Rome, where the days and years pass happily and tranquilly with them, since they are wise enough to abstain for the future from those attempts at political agitation which resulted in nothing but disaster to themselves and to the country whose interest they imagined themselves promoting.

Adventures at Sea.⁶—This volume of the Granville Popular library—in which Messrs. Burns and Oates publish amusing tales at a very cheap rate—is not one of the least attractive of the series. The narrative of perils and escapes at sea are always popular, and for boys they possess a special zest and charm. The little volume before us furnishes a good selection of adventures, briefly but interestingly told, presenting a great variety both as to scene and incident; and it can be recommended as affording not only innocent entertainment and recreation, but also healthful instruction and edification, on account of the examples of courage, resignation, and self-sacrifice exhibited by those on whom the merciless elements inflicted sufferings so severe and privations so appalling.

*A Few Flowers from the Garden*⁷ is the title given to a useful little manual containing a selection culled from the prayer-books of the prayers and devotions in most frequent use; such as the favourite Litanies, the Way of the Cross, Devotions to the Blessed Sacrament, the Joys and Sorrows of St. Joseph, &c. It is nicely got up, and being of a very portable size, will be found a convenient pocket-companion.

Suitable prayer-books for the young are much needed, and *Dawn of Day*⁸ is one which can be strongly recommended as well

⁶ *Adventures at Sea*. New Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

⁷ *A Few Flowers from the Garden*. London: Burns and Oates.

⁸ *Dawn of Day*; Prayers &c, for the young. Compiled from approved sources. Burns and Oates.

adapted to be placed in the hands of children of seven years old and upward. The short meditations are simple and familiar, without being trivial and puerile; the prayers are just such as one would desire to hear uttered by children's lips; and the only alteration one could wish made in the book is that there should be rather more of it.

M. Paul Féval, the novelist, has published a sketch of *Père Olivaint*,⁹ which consists mainly in personal recollections, and is intended to serve as an introduction to the life of the Jesuit martyr by Father Clair. Père Olivaint was one who will not easily be forgotten by those who had the privilege of knowing him, either privately or publicly; even the short record shows him to have been a powerful orator, a much-esteemed confessor, a man of great sanctity, and possessed of mental gifts which would have secured him brilliant successes had he lived in the world. The translator of this pamphlet, whilst rendering correctly the sense of the original, has unfortunately seen fit to retain the idiom peculiar to the language in which it was written.

*Reminiscences of a former Lutheran*¹⁰ are from the pen of a German Father of the Society of Jesus, who, exiled from his country, deterred by infirm health and advancing years from active exertion, in casting a retrospect over his past life, thinks he cannot do more for the greater glory of God, who vouchsafed to deliver him from the kingdom of darkness, and translate him into the kingdom of the Son of His love, or more for the edification of those who are still victims of error, than by tracing out the paths whereby he was led to the Church; by relating his mental conflict, the doubts which suggested themselves, the opposition he encountered, and the peace he obtained through the truth. And in this he is not mistaken. In England it is true, we have heard enough about converts and are tired of controversy, so that a fresh account sounds in our ears as an oft-told tale; but in Germany, where such experiences are less common, his little autobiography has been very well received. We do not wonder at this, for it contains much of general interest concerning the external history and circumstances of the writer in addition to the history of his inner life, and the controversy is given under an unusually attractive form;

⁹ *Pierre Olivaint*. From the French of Paul Féval. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *Erinnerungen eines alten Lutheraners, von L. von Hammerstein, S.J.* Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, Freiburg, 1883.

so that doubtless the book will find its way into the hands—and we hope will touch the hearts—of many a reader who, were the dish less skilfully seasoned, would turn away from it at once. Fr. von Hammerstein's ancestors belonged to the old landed aristocracy of Westphalia, but his family had been Protestants since the sixteenth century. He was almost a boy when the first doubts as to the form of religion he professed, and indeed as to the truth of Christianity in general, occurred to him; for a time he was in danger of falling a prey to the modern philosophy. During some years his belief in Catholicism was only theoretical, but at length he determined to give up studying for the legal profession, and devoted himself entirely to the service of God. It was not until four years after his abjuration that he entered the Novitiate. Men's minds are so differently constituted that one always likes to know what has been to another the chief barrier to his crossing the threshold of the Church. In the case of Fr. von Hammerstein the final difficulty to be removed was the condemnation of Galileo's theories. This, as well as many other of the objections raised by Protestants are briefly and ably refuted in the course of the work.

Potter's Sacred Eloquence.—We often complain of the little good affected by sermons, and the slow progress of the Catholic Church in this land. It is too often because the preacher has not sufficiently prepared himself for this holy duty in his younger days, or because, rashly trusting to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, he pours forth first thing which rises to his lips, and flatters himself that he is preaching the Word of God. The following words of our author on this subject are well worthy of consideration :

How many persons are there who listen Sunday after Sunday to what are called sermons, and yet remain ignorant of leading truths and essential practices; who go on from year to year without ever acquiring a thorough knowledge of their religion? Either their pastor knows not how, or takes not the trouble, to impart to them that clear explanation of their faith and its obligations which would have made them intelligent and fervent Catholics, *potentes in opere et sermone*, able to give a reason for the faith that is in them; or what is just as likely, he takes for granted that they know a great deal of which in very truth they are profoundly ignorant, and so, instead of giving them that elementary instruction which they grievously need, he lays himself out to preach set sermons, perhaps on far-fetched and unpractical subjects, filled with empty conceits and useless speculations, although expressed, it may be, in pleasing language, and embellished with all the charm of style and diction.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The first issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* for this year contains much varied and interesting matter. The opening article, "Is Rome divided against itself?" shows how the tide of modern Paganism is advancing. Hitherto the archæological researches in the Catacombs have been carried on in a Christian spirit, but now the enemies of the Church, heedless from what armoury they take their weapons if only they may assail her ramparts, would turn what is a bulwark for the support of her authority and the authenticity of her claim to antiquity into a battering ram wherewith to make a breach in her walls. A professor of the University of Leipzig declares recent discoveries prove subterranean Rome to be antagonistic to the Rome which is above ground, to Christian symbols he gives a Pagan signification, and clothes the supernatural in the garb of superstition. Father Jürgens has lately been examining the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection as determining the colouring of flowers; Father Beissel now enters on the discussion of the same theory in relation to insects, whose form and colouring is sometimes in exact harmony with portions of the plants they feed on, or the spots they frequent, and often in striking contrast with it. How can natural selection account for this? is the question under consideration in the present article, which will be found to possess not only entomological but general interest. Modern research *versus* scholastic philosophy is the subject of another essay, which is directed to prove that natural science and scholastic philosophy are not the irreconcilable foes that most scientists take for granted that they are. The arguments urged by the writer in proof of the chimerical nature of this supposed hostility is that Aristotle himself was no less distinguished as a naturalist than as a philosopher; and he undertakes to prove, in a future article, that the reason why he was so eminent in philosophy is because he was so learned in nature's lore. The *cultus* of Molière, now carried on to such an exaggerated extent in Germany, and the occasion of fresh religious heart-burnings, leads Father Kreiten to give a biographico-critical sketch of the great dramatist, in order to place the tendency of his writings before the reader in their true light. Father Baumgartner, who has been our *cicerone* to the cities of the Netherlands, now invites us to accompany him on an excursion to Upsala,

the University of Sweden, and visit with him the wonderful library, the many antiquities, and more recent monuments of this most ancient and justly celebrated town.

A considerable portion of the *Katholik* for December is devoted to a polemical essay, in which the writer of a treatise on the *causa formalis* of our justification and adoption as Sons of God, answers some further objections brought against his doctrine by Father Granderath, S.J.; he defends his Theses on the ground of their conformity to the teaching of St. Thomas. The Custodian of the Prussian State Archives having published some extracts from the Ecclesiastical Annals of the North-West Province, tending to set the history of the Church in those lands at and after the Reformation in a false light, the *Katholik* enters a gentle protest against the suppression of certain documents, and the misrepresentation of important facts, of which the professedly impartial historian is guilty. A history of the Catholic Church in Scotland, by Dr. Alphons Bellesheim, from the first introduction of Christianity up to the present time, is also passed in review. This work appears to be considerably above the average in interest and instructiveness; the subject is handled with great ability, and the learned writer is much to be congratulated on the result of the painstaking study and laborious research which a work of such literary and historical value must have demanded. Catholic Germany has recently sustained a severe loss in the removal by death of Alban Stolz, who for fifty years fulfilled the duties of a priest and professor of theology with fidelity and fervour. His name is familiar to us as the author of a large number of popular religious writings, much valued by the class for whom they were intended and esteemed by all. His *Almanack for time and for eternity*, which he carried on for nearly twenty years, especially bears the peculiar stamp of his earnest and simple spirit. The *Katholik* gives a short obituary notice of him, and announces a biography as about shortly to appear.

The opening number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* for 1884 begins with the gloomiest prognostics. The manifold evils of society—of which it speaks in no measured terms—will, it avers, only proceed from bad to worse. Black as the present is, the future looks blacker still. What, it asks, does the year that is gone carry away? What will the coming year bring us? The subversion and destruction of society, aggression on the rights and spoliation of the property of Christians, the spread of

socialism, and triumph of irreligion. Ere long, if matters go on thus, Europe will be plunged in an abyss of anarchy, in which the bark of Peter alone cannot be submerged; happy then are those who rally around it with steadfast and loyal confidence. The motto given by the *Civiltà* for the New Year to its readers is: *State in fide*. Another article treats of the nature of the Church as a society, viz., an union of persons striving after a common aim. It is a spiritual society of the supernatural order, for their aim is to be made like to God and attain to His Beatific Vision. It is a society open to the eyes of all, independent of any other, complete in itself. Finally, it takes precedence of all others on account of the superiority of its aim, since a society is estimated according to the importance of the object for which it exists: *Societates ut fines*. In the series of articles on the state of linguistic study in former issues of the *Civiltà*, it has been shown how vague and conjectural are all the data connected with the science of language. And when the same theories and probabilities are extended to the origin of religion, scepticism is the sure result. Future articles will show that the science of language, properly so called, whilst investigating the early myths, does not necessarily impugn the authority of Holy Writ. The past year will be a memorable one in Florentine annals, as it has witnessed the successful completion of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del fiore. On the 5th of December the last coverings were removed from the *façade*, which gives universal satisfaction both as to the richness and harmony of the whole, and the graceful execution of details. A brief account of the past history and present appearance of this justly celebrated Duomo is given in the *Civiltà* (805). In the following number the subject of the harm done by the journalism of the day is resumed, and Catholic journalists are exhorted not to desist from their efforts to maintain the unequal contest in which they are engaged. There is also an interesting article on the mission of Cyrus, and the frequent allusions to him in the prophets as the deliverer of the chosen people. Mention must also be made of a recent work on Italian unity and the Papacy, which is hailed by the *Civiltà* as coming from the pen of one of the few Catholic laymen who are not deterred by human respect from proclaiming and defending the truth, and who can do so with ability and discretion.

HEATING APPARATUS

The Most Economical and Effective.

J. L. BACON AND CO.,

34, UPPER GLOUCESTER PLACE, LONDON, N.W.,

AND

8, COLLEGE STREET, DUBLIN,

27, CHICHESTER STREET, BELFAST,

& 157, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,

Will Furnish Estimates Free of Cost

FOR WARMING AND VENTILATING

Cathedrals, Churches, Convents, Colleges, Schools,
Institutions, and Private Houses,

WITH THEIR IMPROVED SYSTEM OF SMALL HOT WATER PIPES.

REFERENCE CAN BE MADE TO MANY OF THE

**Largest Catholic Institutions in
the Country.**

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET POST FREE.

ESTABLISHED 1730.

Prize Medal Wax Candles with Platted Wicks. Patented.

2s. 2d. and 2s. per lb.

Prize Medal Vegetable Candles for Church use.

1s. 5d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

N.B.—Twopence per lb. on Wax, and on penny per lb. on Vegetable Candles charged extra if credit be taken over three months.

Vegetable Oil for Sanctuary Lamps.

(Selected and Imported specially for this purpose).

Pure Incense, with ordinary care, warranted to burn without flame,

2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 8s., and 10s. per 11b. tin.

Candles of every description, Night Lights, Oils, Starches, and all other articles for domestic purposes.

HOUSEHOLD and LAUNDRY SOAPS, well dried and fit for immediate use.

Toilet Soaps of all kinds.

THE REFINED PALE YELLOW SKIN SOAP, producing an agreeable softness to the skin,
1s. per box containing five tablets.

Religious Houses, Institutions, Schools, &c., placed upon the most favourable terms. Goods delivered free within the postal district, and carriage paid beyond it to the nearest country railway station on orders not less than £5 in value.

For Price Lists, Diagrams, and full particulars, address

FRANCIS TUCKER AND CO.,

18, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE; or, MANUFACTORY,
KENINGTON, LONDON, W.

The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax and Church Candles.

VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,

Exclusively Clerical Tailors.

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.



Direct Services between Liverpool, Quebec, Halifax, Boston, Portland, and Baltimore.

The Steamers are among the largest, fastest, and most comfortable of ocean passenger ships. They are of unusual strength, being divided into seven water-tight and fire-proof compartments. They run alongside the railway train, and passengers and their luggage are transferred free. This exceptional advantage adds considerably to the popularity of the Line.

The Allan Line has a well-earned reputation for the comfort and care bestowed on all classes of passengers. The Saloon accommodation is unsurpassed.

Saloon Fares, £12 12s. to £22 1s. Intermediate, £8.

Steerage as low as by any other Fast Line.

Particulars can be obtained from Allan Brothers and Co., James Street, Liverpool; Allan Brothers and Co., Foyle Street, Londonderry; J. and A. Allan, 70, Great Clyde Street, Glasgow. James Scott and Co., Queenstown.

d.

dit

es.

in,

ds
ay

y,

al

s.
s.
is
of

un
v.